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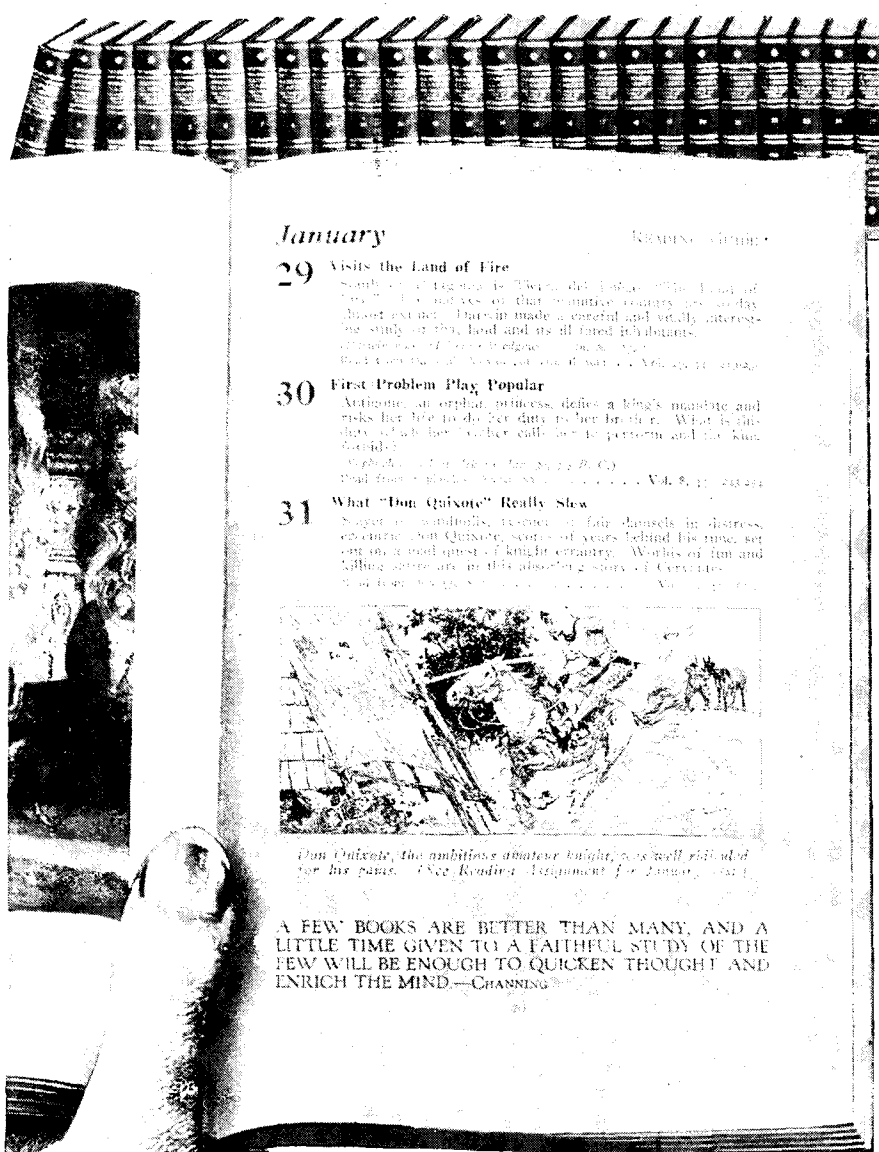
January
29 Visits the Land of Fire
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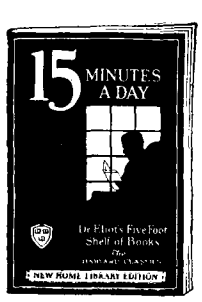

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

HOMES of the future, the transportation, manufacturing, public buildings of tomorrow are now being prepared for your eyes on the lake-front of Chicago. You will be startled when you see what fearless architects have designed for the World's Fair of 1933. They have thrown the past out the window and sent the window after it. They are working to satisfy new needs, new conceptions of speed, comfort, convenience and usefulness. They are building a fair for youth, and only the young-minded will clearly see the vision they conjure up.

It is the beginning of a new era. The World's Fair of 1933 will leave its progressive mark on the coming decades and we hail it with appropriate cheers in next week's issue—"Fair for Tomorrow" by William G. Shepherd.

THEN let the future take care of itself while we return to the present and Myrtle Ross, who is behind the lunch counter at Mellish's. Very beautiful indeed is Myrtle and just about the best kidder you ever heard. But when that shy Mr. Miller comes in, Myrtle is a different girl. Then it's a quiet "Hello, Mr. Miller," and "The onion soup is extra good today, Mr. Miller."

Myrtle's chances for happiness, much as we hate to say it, look slim. When a man won't say more than "A ham sandwich, Miss Ross," romance smothers in the butter.

But don't go yet. Something is bound to happen in a story by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, and "Myrtle Was a Lady" is no exception.

WHEN the Hon. James A. Farley, with his Roosevelt laurels still fresh, appeared at Tammany's Fourth of July celebration one of the boys stopped him at the door. "Don't show yourself in there, Jim. You'll get a terrible razzing."

Jim smiled and walked in. On the rostrum he shook hands with Al Smith. A voice called his name and Jim stood up. There were cheers. It was just as simple as that. Jim Farley has a persuasive way with him. Six years ago he was a political unknown. Now he is chairman of the Democratic National Committee. "Jim, the Salesman," we call him and John B. Kennedy tells of his swift career.

AND by all means save time to read Sidney Herschel Small's story, "Man from Heaven." Chinese natives gave Dr. Robert Ames that name and he earned his right to it in the episode of Joan Sedgwick and Tchin Kou, the bandit.

HUGH MACNAIR KAHLER, Grantland Rice, William MacHarg, Clinton W. Gilbert, Kathleen Norris and Edgar Wallace all conspire to make the days shorter.

This Week

September 10, 1932

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HAGAR WILDE
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Any Week

IT'S hard to work up a good case of excitement in Vicksburg, Mississippi, but in the rolling heat of that historic town an argument occasionally raises its head. For example, we collided with one as we mounted the hill that leads to the lovely home of Judge Harris Dickson. Why, it ran, is a Negro's two-mule team invariably made up of one gray and one black animal? As a matter of truth, the combination is only almost invariable; but we joined in anyway and asked several black boys moping on their wagon seats.

But we got nowhere. One said he didn't know. Another reckoned it jest happened thataway. Presently we found one Negro who said he knew why one of his mules was gray and the other black. We were practically agog with interest. But his answer left us at the starting line. "Hit's because the only two mules I got is thataway, suh." So Vicksburg and the rest of the world can go right on wrestling with the problem.

"IF," THINKS Mr. W. W. Shay of Raleigh, North Carolina, "the modern economic system had prevailed in the Garden of Eden, perhaps sin would never have entered the world. By the time everybody's share in the profit had been satisfied, the price of the apple would have been beyond Eve's reach and, as Adam was not yet personally interested in apples, the blamed thing would not have been eaten."

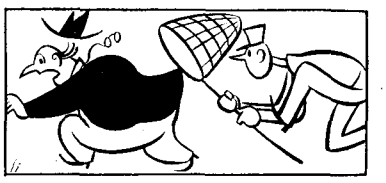
HAVING read Clinton Gilbert's recent article in Collier's about the defeat of Smith W. (Boloney) Brookhart by Henry (Chicken Stew) Field, Mr. Will Case of Vincennes, Iowa, writes that it would have been kinder had Mr. Gilbert refrained from mentioning that Mr. Field had been educated as an engineer. The description "engineer," says Mr. Case, isn't as politically popular as it might be in Iowa.

A FRIEND of ours, Mr. Cord Tenner of West Point, Georgia, reports that things are picking up a lot.

"Walking down toward the insane asylum the other day," he says, "I found a big forty-penny nail in the road. I took it to the hardware store and exchanged it for a handful of lath nails. Yep, things are not so bad. Those lath nails will hold up my pants till Christmas anyway."

FROM Yokohama, Japan, Mr. E. J. Stull writes: "I rise to remark that whoever wrote that modification plank into the Republican platform would make a darned smart bootlegger."

"FURTHERMORE," says Mrs. Anna T. Horner of Watertown, Connecticut, "something must be done about all these eager patriots who are seeking jobs as congressman-at-large. That's the trouble—too many congressmen running at large."



MR. E. C. EDMONDS, Jr., a more or less temporary resident of Brooklyn, New York, finds himself in a spot. "After spending nine months in the East," he writes, "convincing certain investors that my home state, Texas, had reached a sound basis, worthy therefore of the investor's confidence, I am informed that the sure-shot boys down home are betting three-to-one that Ma Ferguson will be elected governor again, to say nothing of husband Jim. My head is heaped with ashes and my clothes rent with sorrow."

MR. KURT MOHRHART of Helena, Montana, thinks we'd make "a rotten President" but adds: "Why don't you run anyway? You would have the advantage of not having the people know how rotten you would be, which would make you the only mystery in the race."

"AND also what has become of that proposition to try to enforce prohibition?" demands Mr. Sam Ollendorf of Denver, Colorado. "I've been reading about it for years. Things are getting so out here that you get a punch in the nose for annoying the authorities if you complain that your neighbor's still is interfering with your sleep."

WE HAD a vague idea that we might quit publishing cures for the various things that ail our economic body. But Dr. Lionel Steward of Omaha, Nebraska, gets in just as we slam the door. He suggests that the newspapers place an embargo on all stock market news for six months. "This," he concludes, "will keep our minds off the unimportant things and force us to turn to honest work. That stock market page is forever reminding us of 1929 and we'll never get far as long as we deal in past instead of future prosperity."

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by Results

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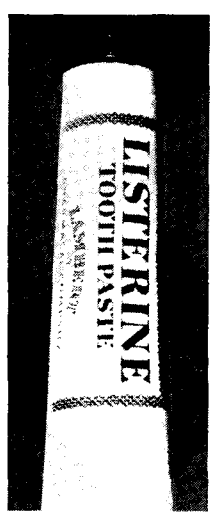

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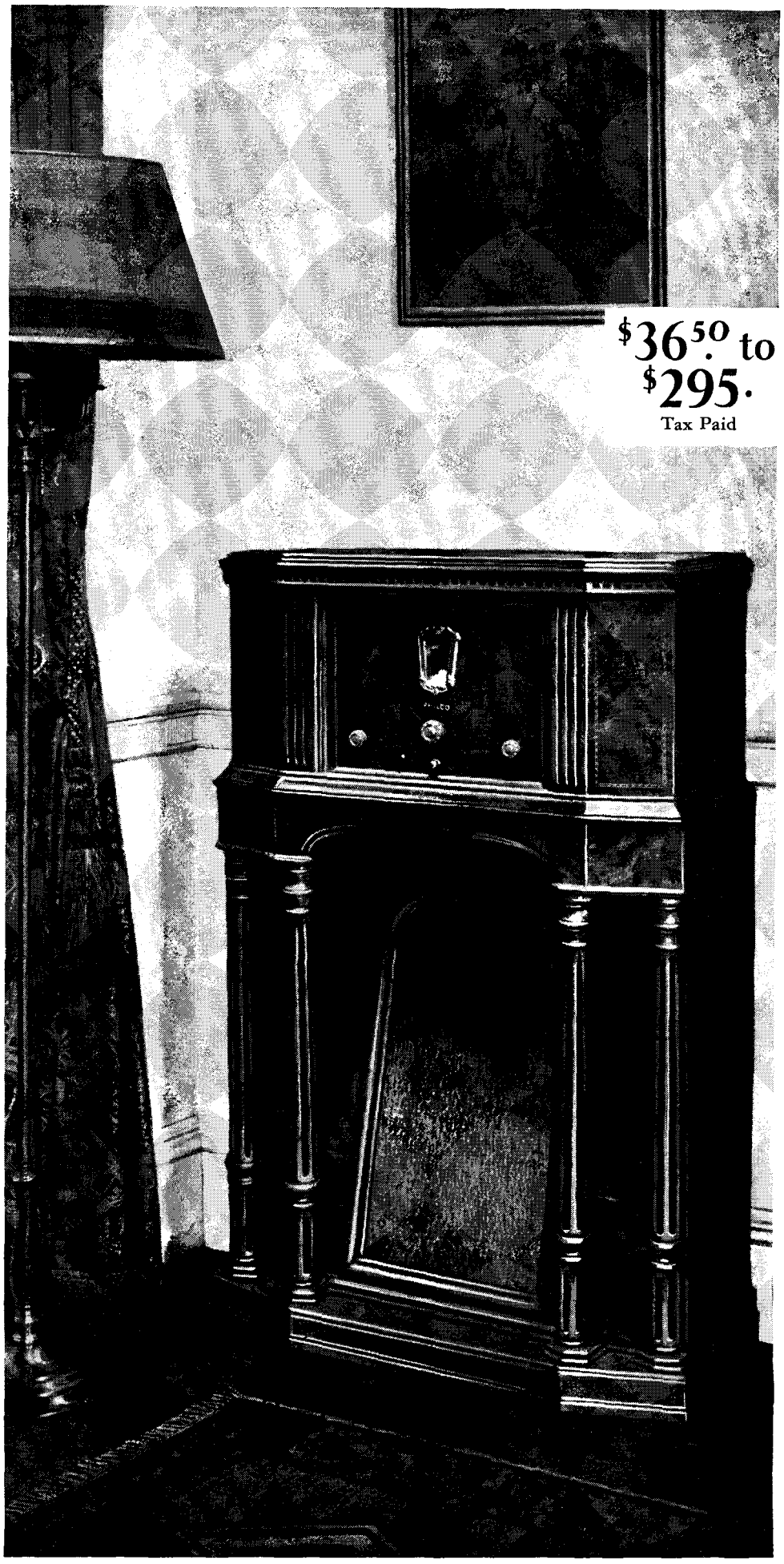

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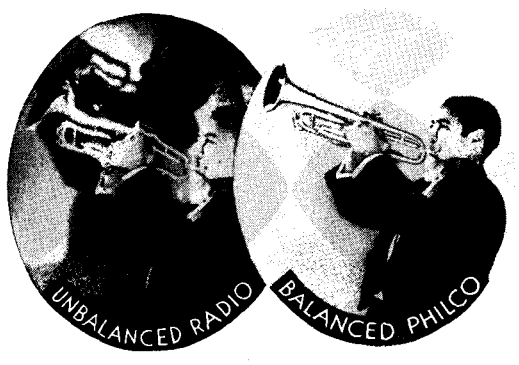

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A musical instrument of quality

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By Edward L. McKenna

A Wonderful Woman

Lucille Lamar. Her portrait hangs in a famous gallery. Maybe you've seen it and thought, "A beautiful creature!" She was. But she was a wayward creature, too. Well, she paid the price. It's quite a story

EVERY year, in early June, two thousand young men who look somewhat alike are graduated from Harvard College. They're tall, but not too tall, their voices are pleasant, their manner is quiet, and they shave every day. All things considered, they're a credit to the country, to Harvard and to themselves, although the alumni of other American colleges are somewhat apt to be prejudiced against them.

Perhaps Cary Littlefield should have stayed at Cambridge with the others. Instead, he went to the Beaux Arts, and after three years decided that he wasn't either a painter or an architect. So, with a sigh and a shrug, he returned to the United States, and went into the picture business. His people had money, and that seems to help, whatever the copy-books may say to the contrary.

What a hard life he led! Half his time was spent in Paris, where he stopped at one of those two hotels on the Rue de Rivoli. His clothes were made in London, but didn't look it. He'd drive five miles any old time to a good restaurant rather than try the one around the corner. As for his business, he knew which pictures were good, and which would sell, and it was a bad year when he didn't make twenty thousand dollars.

And, at thirty, he was still a bachelor, as every hero, so it seems, must be. Was it not Voltaire who said, "Marriage is the only adventure open to the cowardly"? But then, was not Voltaire a bachelor, too?

It wasn't that Cary didn't like the girls. When he was twenty-seven he'd fallen in love; he told himself he hoped he'd never fall in love again. Probably every man who's not of tender years hopes that.

He'd fallen in love, at any rate, and every now and then he'd seen someone who reminded him of his old sweetheart. His life wasn't wrecked, or broken, or anything like that. He just remembered a few things he'd as soon have forgotten.

He'd worked out a sort of philosophy; bachelors have time for all that. Life was a panorama, a spectacle; it wasn't bad, on the whole, so long as you remained merely an observer. Food was good, sunlight was good and there were many beautiful pictures in the world—some of them on canvas. It was pleasant to touch heavy white tablecloths, or walnut panels, to taste an old liqueur, to smell syringa bushes, or burning leaves, or tanbark under horses' hoofs, to feel the rush of the wind as a ship plunged forward. You didn't want joys; you wanted little pleasures. You avoided sorrows, but not the mild nostalgias of a spring night or an autumn day. As for ideals, you wouldn't encourage the production of bad art, unless it were unusually good business, even in which case you'd be uncomfortable about it. You'd give to the poor, but prefer not to see them; you'd prevent brutality yourself, or call a policeman; you'd try to be a civilized person and to avoid annoying your neighbors by curiosity, or censoriousness, or noisiness, or overemphasis of any sort.

"I never remember my father or mother," Janet said. "But my Aunt Lucille! She was so lovely, Cary. I'd always be asking, 'When's Aunt Lucille coming?'"

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So, then. Cary Littlefield, Beaux Arts, 1924, up-and-coming picture dealer, 1927, small-time Walter Pater, 1929, and now going out to lunch at a restaurant interestingly called "La Comète," on the Rue Vaugirard, which, so they say, is the longest street in Paris. As usual, he was with a lady.

THE girl friend? Janet Spears, her name was. Pretty? Pretty enough, to those who like them somewhat along the lines of a Futurity colt—all legs and big wild eyes. Soft smoky hair, eyebrows still blacker, a complexion that she might well have left alone. Intense, neurasthenic, not restful, and as direct as Queen Marguerite of Navarre, or as any baby who first saw the day in Woodstock, New York, or in the shadow of the Jefferson Market tower, or in Brookline, Massachusetts, or Evanston, Illinois, or Moline, Iowa, or Jenkins, Missouri, or anywhere at all, for that matter. Coyness went out with the war, and that, at least, is something, ain't it?

Janet was studying voice, but, so far as the ordinary male was concerned, she needn't have bothered. She had really an arresting voice—pretty when she sang, much better when she was just talking. Of course, there may be more beautiful things in the world than a lovely voice, still it's pleasant to think that the voice will still be there when you get old. Marriage, says Nietzsche, is one long conversation.

Janet had two Cherry-Rochers before her coffee, which, to Cary's mind, was two too many for anyone, let alone a nice young girl. As for himself, he had an Armagnac which cost an American cent for every year of its age, and he wouldn't spoil it by having another. Moderation, moderation in all things: that was Cary, and perhaps there are more suitable mottoes when one is only thirty.

As for Janet, she was a little high.

It appeared that she wanted to go to the Luxembourg. "There's something over there I want particularly to show you," she said.

The picture, it seemed, was No. 3345, a portrait of a young and beautiful girl.

They stood before it. Cary nodded. "Yes. It's very nice," he said.

"Do you think she looks like me at all?" said Janet.

"Yes. A little. You're rather prettier." She wasn't, but that one will always do.

"So far as I know, that's a picture of my aunt. It may be a picture of my mother. I'm not sure."

"I see."

"CARY, you see, I—I don't remember my mother. I do remember my aunt. She used to come to see me when I was little, and she'd make a big fuss over me, bring me presents, and so on."

"You lived with your dad?"

"No, Cary. I never remember any mother or father. I lived with my mother's people—they brought me up. But my Aunt Lucille! She was so lovely, Cary. She came just a few times, for little visits; she never stayed overnight, even. My grandmother would tell me, 'Your Aunt Lucille's coming,' and she'd dress me all up in my best dress, and my new shoes and everything. And I'd be so excited I couldn't keep still. I'd always be asking 'When's my Aunt Lucille coming?' Then she would come, and oh, I'd have such a good time. She was awfully good-natured, and lively, always laughing. And she seemed to me to be so well-dressed, and so beautiful. You know, even when a girl is awfully little she notices clothes and things like that."

"I suppose she does."

"Then she stopped coming. I was nine years old, then."

"Yes."

"They'd tell me she was traveling, that she'd be coming pretty soon. I'm not sure that I knew this, then, or whether I figured it out afterward, but I know there was some—some secret about her. I never heard my grandfather mention her name, not even once, and my other aunt would never be in when she came—just my grandmother and me. She'd always come in the afternoon. I never did like my Aunt Claire much, though she was kind enough. She's married now, married to an awful egg. He's an accountant."

"Well, some of them are all right, so I hear."

"Ugh! Well, I used to ask my grandmother when Aunt Lucille was coming, and she'd always say 'Pretty soon.' And then, one time, I asked her, and she began to cry, and I never asked her any more. My grandmother was always lovely to me. She died when I was eleven."

"Yes. Tell you what, Janet. Let's go out and walk in the gardens."

"Yes, let's. Look, Cary. When I was eighteen, I got a letter from the Gotham Trust. I went to see them; they were awfully nice. They told me my aunt had left five thousand dollars for me, for when I'd be eighteen. And they gave me a letter from her."

"A letter from your aunt?"

"YES. It was awfully short. It just said that she was giving me this money, and I was to use it any way I liked, but to be careful of it. And it said if I were ever in Paris, to go to the Luxembourg, and look at portrait No. 3345 by Alexandre Vernier. And—and it said to say a prayer for her, and for the man who painted it. I do, too, Cary. It can't do any harm, can it?"

"Surely not. Most of us would like to say a few prayers, I guess. If somebody asks you to do it, that makes it simple, doesn't it? You—you have this letter, of course?"

"Yes." She hesitated. "I have it here, in my bag."

He read it, gravely and with compassion. It was just a letter, a woman's letter, that was all. The handwriting wasn't good, but nothing was misspelled; the words were simple words, the tone was almost brusque: "Dear Janet. . . . Your loving Aunt Lucille." Fifteen lines, no date, no postmark, a sheet and a half of paper that once, he was sure, was scented. He folded it again, and put it in the envelope.

"Thank you very much, Janet. Who was it you saw, at the Gotham Trust? Do you remember?"

"A Mr. Hart."

"He didn't tell you anything else? Just what you've told me? Is that all?"

"He said he couldn't tell me if—if she were still alive; he didn't know. I said 'Was she married?' He said he couldn't tell me. I said, 'Well, was her name the same as mine—Spears?' 'Undoubtedly,' he said, just like that. You know the way people in banks are. They're awfully polite, but you can't get a thing out of them."

"Perhaps that was—that was what your aunt had told them to do, honey."

"But, Cary—if I'm— Suppose I'm her daughter. I'd have to know that. Anyway, if she's alive, I've got to know. I want to see her, I want to say thank you, I want to say I love you, I always remember you as the most beautiful thing in the world."

"She *was* beautiful. The picture isn't a bad job at all. Vernier. Don't know anything about him. I'll see what I can find out. Now, I'll tell you. I'll see what can be done about all this. If anything. It may take a little time. But we'll do what we can."

"You—you're so kind—"

"Don't be foolish. You're a nice girl. I'll do this for you, and then you'll do

something for me. You'll try to stop worrying about all this, for a while."

"Yes. I'll try. It's been on my mind, all the time. She— Don't you think I look like her?"

"Yes. But that's only natural. Family resemblance. Stop worrying about it. And there's one other thing. Those Cherry-Rochers. I ask you with tears in my eyes. Janet, drink a Fine. Drink a Vieux Marc. Drink a Benedictine. Drink a Chartreuse. Drink, good heavens, good heavens, drink a whisky-sour after your dinner, but don't ever ask me to buy you that—that chorus girl's drink again."

"I—are you lecturing me about drinking too much, Cary?"

"Maybe. I don't think any woman should drink till she's thirty, unless she's homely. Look. I don't like men who are paternal to nice young girls. In your case, I find several reasons why I should tell you a thing or two, as the phrase is. First, you're an artist. Second, you're good-looking. Third, you're very nice, and I like you a lot, and who wouldn't?"

"I'm not so sure that I'm an artist, Cary."

"No? Well, I know a lot of artists, and the only ones who are dead certain about themselves are the ones who have arrived, and who have begun to slip. A lot of the hams are sure, too. The rest of them are tormented by doubts and fears. Look, Janet. If you're looking for a nice, smooth, easy life, don't try to be a painter or a singer or a sculptor. What's the matter with you? You're just low, today, that's all."

"NO, BUT—honestly, I don't know, Cary. I've got a good-enough voice, yes. But there are a million good voices."

"How do you think you can tell? You're over here four months. You can't tell. The thing's a battle, I tell you, a constant battle. Painter named Alfred Rigny told me once: 'The test of a painter is his old age.' Yes! Yes, it is. The test is what have you got after you've learned your tricks? That's why I don't see anyone as great as Rodin. It's no child's play, this business. I'm

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"She was an American actress," Cary said, "about 1909 or 1910. I think." "A pip," said Mr. Simon, studying the portrait

Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum

telling you, and you're an artist, and I'm not."

"Why aren't you, Cary?"

"Why not? Well. The stuff just wasn't there, that's all. Want to go out to Auteuil? Be in time to catch the fourth race, maybe."

"Ooh! Come on. Cary, I want to ask you one thing. When you were—maybe, when you were here, at the Beaux Arts, did you have something happen to you that hurt you a lot? Something that made you afraid of being hurt, and self-conscious and—and made you put a shell over yourself?"

"When I was at the Beaux Arts I was in love with fourteen models, all incredibly beautiful, and all monstrously false to me. I never had a better time in my life. No. I never was badly hurt. I can run like a deer. You're not trying out a line on me, are you, you brat?"

"Maybe. What do you care? It isn't every day I get a chance to practice it. But I still believe that something like that did happen to you. Maybe, just because it did happen, that's why you're so kind and decent to—to people."

"You'd seem to imply," said Cary, "that it is an effort to be civil to you. Such, my dear madam, is not the case. If you weren't so skinny, you'd remind me of the Winged Victory. You've probably never seen it, but it's been much admired."

"I have so seen it. It's in the Louvre, on the stairs."

The next day, which was a Wednesday, Cary called upon Monsieur Henri Valpen, who was one of the curators of the Luxembourg, and learned a little, but not much. Still, enough to start with.

"Vernier?" said Monsieur Valpen. "Oh, yes. A promising career, unfortunately terminated much too early."

"He died young?"

"Yes. He was only twenty-six. There were rumors concerning his death. Cleaning a revolver, something of that sort. You see?"

Cary nodded. "In that case—you yourself, Monsieur—?"

"I know only rumors. I have heard that the model for this painting was an American actress."

An American actress! Valpen didn't know her name!

So, ten days later, Cary went back to the United States with a cabinet photograph of portrait No. 3345 in his luggage. He put this in a brief case, and made a visit to the editor of the weekly magazine, American Vaudeville.

"Mr. Simon," he said, "could you tell me who this is? She was an American actress, about twenty years ago, I think."

"A pip," said Mr. Simon, studying the portrait. "No. I don't know her. I tell you. I'll show it to Hattie. She might know."

"I'm much obliged," said Cary.

The following afternoon, Mr. Simon called him up. "Hattie knew, all right. That's Lucille Lamar."

"Lucille Lamar."

"Yes. An old-timer. Played in things you wouldn't remember, my boy. Lyric soprano originally. If you want to get a line on her, why don't you try Johnny Masters? Playing the Palace next week. He ought to know."

On Wednesday, at twenty past twelve, Cary made his unaccustomed way to the Buskin Club, in the Forties. There he met Mr. John Brinsley Masters, much massaged, faintly perfumed, and wearing a suit two shades too gray. But Mr. Masters, for all that, had the figure of an athlete, and his eyes, above their faint circles, were cool and wise.

CARY found himself liking Masters. Actors amused Cary. They were childlike, and charming, and gallant, and generous, and full of harmless little mannerisms. This one, now, with his synthetic English accent and his spats, and his perfume and yet he wasn't irritating or unmasculine.

"So," said Masters, after they'd talked about pictures, and Nice and London, and the French Line as compared with the Hamburg-American and the Cunard. "So. Now, what is it, dear old chap? I had a call from Sime, about you. One of the best, Sime."

"Isn't he? Well. Mr. Masters, it's this.. I'll tell you just how it is. I'm interested in a young—protégée—of Lucille Lamar's whom I met in Paris."

"Lucille Lamar," said Masters, slowly—yes, and theatrically, too. "Yes."

"I'm—Simon referred me to you, as you know. What I want to know, for one thing, is whether she's still alive."

"No, my boy. Lucille is dead. Dead, these many years."

Cary murmured something.

"She was—she was very dear to me, although our ways parted. You know how it is, in the theater. Another show, another company, a different town. I'll tell you this: There's not one man who ever knew Lucille—and there were a few who knew her—but who'd say what I say—a wonderful woman, and a great trouper."

"She was very beautiful. I know that."

"Beautiful? She was marvelous. Physical beauty, well, many women have that. But her spirit! Capricious, yes, changeable, hot-tempered, nervous, irritable, fractious—all that sort of thing. But generous—why, the girl would give the clothes off her back. Absolutely. And never beaten, never. Life was always a great adventure for her. You see, when I knew her, she was well past thirty. I was—I was ten years younger. Just about starting. She was—well, shall we say she was at the height of her beauty, but a little past the height of her career? She had a tiny voice, you see, tiny, but very lovely. And she'd had her misfortunes, like the rest of us."

He was silent, for a moment.

"And this—this protégée of Lucille's, in whom you're interested. Her name—wait a minute. I have it. I have it! Her name is Janet?"

"Yes. Janet Spears."

"That must be Lucille's family name. She is Lucille's daughter. You knew that?"

"I—yes. I think I did."

"Who her father is, I couldn't tell you. All this happened before I came along. But I can tell you this: when that girl was in want, she'd send money to her little daughter. When she was out of a job, when she was resting, as we say, she'd get it, somehow."

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The Man who Grew Up

This statesman, this intellect, this blanketing omnipotence may not be wholly real to the folks back home, but he's the unblushing pride and the vehement boast of the thousands who mark their ballots with a single approving cross beside the name of Borah. Mr. Davenport, who has been delving into the wealth of Borah legend, here gives you the mighty man in the eyes of the old-timers of Idaho

By Walter Davenport

THE old-timers, the sophisticates in Boise make quite a fuss about it. Bill Borah? Oh, Bill Borah's just a smart fellow who's kinda got a way of grabbing onto the hind end of things and making them turn around and talk Western.

How does he do it—this business of ignoring all the favor-mongering and back-slapping, latch-stringing and regularity that is the lifeblood and mainspring of ordinary politicians? Well, sir, that's simple. He's just Bill Borah. A man doesn't mind getting down on the old marrowbones and offering up a prayer or two for a little more rain or a little less rheumatism; but as for asking Bill Borah for a stenographer's job for Kitty in the post office or for a pension for the Widow Cairnes—well, you just don't, because it wouldn't do you any good. After all, you can't expect Bill—the Honorable Bill Borah—to detach himself from heavy thinking about this here League of Nations and how we are going to get back the money we lent Armenia and bother his head about a new bridge over the Holy Smoke Creek up Bitter Root Mountains.

Nope, you wouldn't mind asking his colleague, Senator John Thomas, or either of the congressmen for anything from new pens for the post office to a couple of irrigation projects. The fact is, there are some folks who would ask the President himself. Like Laurie McCallmitt of Lemhi. Danged if Laurie didn't go right up to President Harding once and, while he was shaking his hand, ask about that government road he had heard Congress was thinking of building from Stanley to North Fork.

"I'm sorry, Mr. McCallmitt," Mr. Harding said. "I'm afraid they haven't consulted me about it, but if you'll write me a letter about it, I'll be glad to look it up."

"Well, we're sure needin' it," said Laurie meaningly.

"And I hope you get it," said the President. "Just drop me a line."

But as for asking Bill Borah—listen, mister, Bill Borah ain't a politician; he's a statesman. Yes, sir, a statesman. Look at the papers. Bill gets up on his feet in the Senate, tosses his head a mite, gives a sort of a hitching twist to his hands as if his cuffs were too small for him or something like that, and says a few words about the last line on the fifth page of the seventh section of the third whereas of the treaty between Poland and Afghanistan, and the next thing you know the Bank of England's hollering for help and Syria's sent an ultimatum to Tierra del Fuego.

"If you want the truth," said Norval Kruppke of Payette, "Senator Bill Borah is Idaho's gift to America. He's too big for just Idaho. He ain't bothering himself about reclamation in Idaho, or homesteading, or free range, or irrigation ditches. No, sir, he's a big man. A national figure. Bill Borah thinks in world terms. Yes, sir."

"Too bad there are not more like him—in that."

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Kruppke. "Maybe one's enough. I wouldn't be a mite surprised if we'd have a hell of a time if we had a Senate full of Bill Borahs."

Idaho's Gift to Humanity

But, as I have said, the old-timers, the politicians, the elders who knew Senator William Edgar Borah in his rutabaga days in Boise get pretty excited when they're asked to explain the Borah phenomenon. Out in the irrigated valleys, on the choking dry-farming flats, in the Cœur d'Alene mining country—out in the sticks where nobody but a slick-hair tenderfoot from Denver or Omaha or some such Eastern part thinks it strange that folks and a couple of wolf dogs and a few rattlers can all live under the same roof in fair-to-middling harmony—out there no attempt is made to explain. Bill Borah's just taken for granted.

To such simple folk, for whom the coyote has a soothing song and the mountain cat an honest mission in life, Senator Borah seems a little more than merely human. He is the grand seigneur, the colossus, the Ursa Major of Boise, their great elector, their liege. As foreign as the Taj Mahal or the Great Wall of China, but as magnificent, as worthy of jealous preservation.

Now let's get this situation clearly identified. You may wander Idaho from Owyhee to wild Lincoln and down again through the wilderness of Kootenai and Shoshone to Caribou and ask: "What has Borah done for Idaho?" The answer starts with head-scratching and ends with a shrug.

The country produces nothing quite like it. Old Bob LaFollette was Wisconsin's savior. He retrieved it all from the railroads and gave it back to the farmers. Therefore the LaFollette idolization. Hoke Smith was the sharecropper's friend and the Georgia crackers worshipped him. Boise Penrose was Pennsylvania, Joseph Weldon Bailey was Texas and Nelson Aldrich was Rhode Island. But they were politicians. They kissed the babies, embraced the aged, ate barbecue with the boys and escorted the girls hither and yon through Washington when the excursions came down. Favors to the small and great sustained them. They fought for stately post-office buildings for Gritsville and battled for old soldiers' homes, monuments for village patriots and jobs, jobs, jobs for tired incapables who were plenty good enough for government service—and who could still vote.

But behold Borah from Idaho, the state that glories in his magnificent dignity, that grins embarrassedly in his reflected glory, that regards him with the distant pride of the hen whose setting produced a peacock. What has he done for Idaho? What do you mean, mister? In reclamation, in irrigation, in post offices, in jobs, in timber rights? Well, nothing at all. No, sir, not a dollar's worth. To tell the truth, mister, I'd just as lief ask the Queen of England for a loan of a handful of salt or her old man's frock coat as to ask Bill Borah for anything. But, as the feller says, mister, it's a damned poor family that can't afford one gentleman, and it ain't every country that can turn out a Borah.

Perhaps the bucolic analysis of William Edgar Borah and the potato-farm explanation of his permanency in a state of which he is only a theoretical part, is truer and more understandable than you get in Boise, where he grew to greatness. In Boise he becomes human; flesh and blood supplant the granite that the outlanders see. One hears warm tales of the days when William Edgar Borah was not the ardent prohibitionist, when his whole horizon was the bar of the county court, when defeat was his only companion in a poverty-stricken loneliness, when the ways of the world and the machinations of European capitals were far-off rumors.

Bill Borah Comes to Town

Bill Borah? Let's see—forty (or maybe it might be forty-one) years ago he stepped down off the train with a canvas telescope valise in his hand looking like a school teacher wondering whether there was an opening anywhere hereabouts. Sure, mister, I can see him as if it was yesterday. He came in with the grasshoppers. That was a big grasshopper year; I remember that much. Looked like he had slept in the other fellow's clothes, Bill did. Had a guide book under his arm and a hat on that he must have saved from his high school graduation. Wore a half-inch collar that wouldn't shine any more and, like his great friend later on, old Governor Steunenberg, who was killed by Harry Orchard and the mine union, he didn't have any necktie.

Yes, sir, mister, I guess I was as close to him as any man here, right off, right from the start. How's that? Know him as well as Judge Cavanah or Jim Lusk? Or Editor Cobb? Better. Who was it he asked where he could hang out his shingle?

Whereupon the subject gets out of hand. The old-timers—all of them—knew him best, each better and more intimately than the others. The result is that you are deluged with Borah lore. And all of it adds, although more humanly, to the width and breadth of the legend. For William Edgar Borah has become almost that in Idaho—a legend. Something of a Paul Bunyan. Or an ennobled Tyll Eulenspiegel, a Wotan. Even a giftless Kriss Kringle. Listen to Idaho and, leaving the state to think it over, you sense somehow that you've been discussing an intellect, a blanketing omnipotence, Atlas, several uncharted dimensions. But never the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

"Listen, Dad," says the young yokel just back from his first trip to the great city—Boise, "what do you think? I was walking down Idaho Street as pretty as you please and saw this Senator Borah walking on his two feet looking in the winders."

"So? Well, you listen to me; you stay home here and away from the city. Them folks down there'd tell you anything. What the hell do you think a

The evolution of a statesman: Senator William E. Borah of Idaho, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, at various stages of his career from 1896 to today

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man like Borah'd be doing in Idaho?"

In Boise they tell you how he opened an office over a brewery. There was an unpainted pine table, bought second hand, battered and graven with several deep-cut initials of former owners. There were two kitchen chairs, a pine settee, a tin cuspidor, a map of Wayne County, Illinois, where he had come from. The map was soon to be displaced by one of Idaho; but a lawyer had to have something on the walls. Come to think of it, there were a couple of pictures on the walls—three or four maybe. Yes, there was one of John Marshall and another of Abraham Lincoln and another of some feller from New York—a great lawyer. Forget his name. Never heard of him anyway. And then there was a picture of an actor—Shakespeare's Mark Antony. Didn't know that about Bill Borah, hey? About him being an actor. Well, he never was an actor out this way, and maybe it's so and maybe it ain't, but he told me one night at an oyster supper, where a lady named Mrs. Theodore Ferrill gave a recitation from Shakespeare because her husband Dory was a deputy sheriff, that he traveled with a dramatic troupe for six weeks once and he would have played the part himself if the feller who played it had got sick or missed the train or been prevented howsoever from being present.

Quick in the Head, Too

Yes, in such surroundings did Idaho's Moses launch his career. For a while he slept in that office, bedding himself down with a couple of army blankets. He soon caught on. Smart as a timber wolf, Bill Borah; and strong as a grizzly. And quick in the head? Remember him defending Jim Lusk for smacking that big French-Canadian with a wagon wrench?

(All this on the courthouse steps, and everybody contributes his share to the tale. It's a bit confusing, but presently the story of Jim Lusk and his smart lawyer, Bill Borah, unfolds nicely.)

It was like this: This French-Canadian said something nasty about a lady who was not only very handsome but also very respectable. Mr. Lusk happened to be working on a wagon wheel with a fourteen-inch spanner. He paused in that honest occupation just long enough to stop those ugly words and likewise the speaker with a wallop of the spanner. The French-Canadian fell on his ugly face and was dragged off to die.

Mr. Lusk resumed his work with fine unconcern and he was still hard at it when his friend Bill Borah came down.

"See here, Jim; you're in a fix. That man's going to die, I guess."

"Hope so," said Jim.

"Now don't go talking like that. I won't have it."

"Who won't?"

"I won't," repeated Bill Borah, "because I'm your lawyer."

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Measure Your Face

And choose a hat to fit. Mr. Dickerman, distressed by the general feminine unconcern for mass and proportion in the matter of hats and make-up, sets his engineering skill to the problem—and here's the solution

By William C. Dickerman

President, American Locomotive Company

Illustrated by Walter C. Klett

Hats by John-Frederics, Inc.

Joan Crawford wears a soft wool turban that conforms with the perfect oval of her face. The flannel felt hat sketched on Greta Garbo shows how well the new low square crown treats the oval face

Round-faced beauties like Nancy Carroll can gain height and chic with the new top trimming on hats. Constance Bennett gets the same effect with a down-in-front movement and wings for height

EVERY man alive has learned a lot from women, beginning with his mother and continuing through to his granddaughter, if he lasts that long. Is it too much to expect that women may learn a little something from a man, even about so esoteric a subject as millinery?

Trusting that you agree it isn't, I suggest that each lady here present will be more sure of a becoming hat in her next purchase if she will first consider her face with the aid of a good mirror and a ruler. Measure your face east and west from ear to ear, north and south from brow to chin. You are now in a position to make your hat flatter your findings. But to explain this important discovery:

The scene shifts to a gentleman in a deck chair, thinking over his sins. His conscience has caught him in a flash-back that shows the Gare du Nord, himself about to leave Paris en route for America, his daughter come to say good-by.

As the film in question is equipped with sound apparatus, he hears the sweetest voice in the world saying blithely, "How do you like my hat, Dad?"

Then, to his everlasting shame, he gets his own echo remarking coldly, "Well, really, my dear, I don't like it at all. It doesn't fit your face."

Farewells are taken under noticeable restraint, and the train moves out carrying one unhappy father. He spoke the truth, but not the whole truth, for he didn't trouble to explain his reaction so that anything could be done about it.

Behold him, one William Dickerman, ostensibly returning from an engineering trip abroad, in reality about to embark upon a new and absorbing study, although he doesn't know it. He thinks that he is merely taking pencil and paper to draft a letter of reinstatement.

"Faces are designated as oval or round . . ." and the handwriting is my own.

Suddenly the pencil takes on a life apart from the hand that guides it. It is making sketches, crude as those on the walls of a telephone booth or the scratch pad of an executive. Here is an oval that might represent my daughter's face. Over it is the offending hat. At a glance the whole business of the misfit is made plain. I almost radio the result.

"Faces are designated as oval or round, depending on the relationship between the vertical and the horizontal axes," I wrote, inserting two of my most masterful sketches. "Example X is an oval face, length greater than breadth. Example Y is a round face, dimensions nearly equal.

How to Fool Your Face

"Observe that it is the relationship between length and breadth that is important rather than the dimensions themselves. The perfect face is undoubtedly oval; and, although we cannot change our faces to bring them into conformity with the ideal, we can create the illusion. First, determine the correct relationship between the vertical and the horizontal measurement, then the variation of your own face from this standard. The rest is simply art.

"Please note, my dear, that if I take round face Y and add protruding ears, I appear to shorten it. By building it out horizontally I've removed it still farther from the desired outline. Even with oval face X, if I fit on a hat of markedly horizontal effect, the facial line visibly shortens.

"Now, your face is, I think, of the long-oval type, in which the vertical dimension is the least bit greater than it should be for perfect relationship with the horizontal. Your hat has a bisymmetrical ornament in white at the front of the crown, the effect of which is to throw the vertical dimension still farther out of the ideal proportion to the horizontal.

"What you need—if my thesis is sound—is horizontal rather than vertical emphasis. (Remember that color treatment and ornament may actually be more important than hat bulk itself.) Hair-dressing should be directed toward the same end; I suspect that you should wear fuller curls at each side. But—you must not only look before you leap; you must work out mathematically the exact length of the required jump."

Eventually I received from my daughter the desired reply. This said, in effect, "Bravo, Dad! If you weren't already a successful engineer, you'd make a first-rate *modiste*. Go on with your thesis."

Which I most obediently proceeded to do.

Even before the receipt of encouragement, I had discovered that I was

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A pregnant silence hushed the room as we sat waiting for the doctor's next move

Take Your Choice

The story of the boldest experiment any husband ever tried

By Micheline Keating

Illustrated by Carl Mueller

THE couple passed us on the Piazza di Spagna. We had stopped to buy some flowers at the stalls by the foot of the Spanish Steps. I had been looking up at the walls of the old church that were mellowed into beaten gold by the brilliant sunlight, and lowered my eyes in time to see them hurrying past us. I didn't notice the man. I was merely conscious of his presence by her side as my attention was caught by the woman's unusual beauty.

For a moment her eyes looked into mine. They were large, almost too large for the ivory-white face that framed them, and of a soft golden brown. I thought I detected a glimmer of recognition in them. But, instead of stopping, she seemed to quicken her pace. I watched her as she went down the street. She carried her hat tucked under one arm. Her head was thrown back and her black hair moved like the dark cloud of a tornado in the bright morning light. She was tall, with broad shoulders and slender hips, and moved with the lithe grace of a person who is used to physical action.

Suddenly I felt Ellery stiffen by my side and turned to look at him. He, too, was staring after the woman.

"Do you know her?" I asked curiously, wondering what had so moved him.

He replied hesitantly as if, already, his mind had leaped ahead of his words: "Yes, I know her. I saw quite a lot of her when I was in New York last year. It is strange to run across her here in Rome. She is Donna Lieber."

"Why didn't she speak to you? I am sure she recognized you."

"I dare say that I recall an incident that she would rather forget. I haven't seen her since that night."

Ellery handed me the cluster of pink anemones that he had purchased from the flower vender, then took my arm as we climbed the steps and sauntered on toward the Pincian Gardens.

"Tell me," I said, "about Donna Lieber."

"NONE of us knew who she was or where she came from," he explained, "although there was one rather persistent story that she had done a bareback act with some circus. People surmised, of course. She is a type that stimulates the imagination. But none of us knew anything for sure. It was enough that Otto Paul, the neurologist, had married her."

"You mean the doctor who writes those books on love and life?"

"Yes. We had never thought of his marrying. He was essentially a professional man and his profession was catering to the neurotic whims of women. Women were so much a part of his business that we never associated him with a wife. Then, one night, he gave a dinner at his home on Murray Hill. After all the guests had arrived, he brought Donna in and introduced her as Mrs. Paul.

"You have just seen for yourself how beautiful she is. She created a furor among his friends, particularly his men friends. Otto Paul didn't seem to mind that. He looked upon it as the natural result of his good taste and excellent judgment. He treated her as a showpiece until you felt that he wasn't so much interested in her as a woman as an objet d'art that he could look upon and admire and be proud of because he owned it. He took it as a compliment to himself that other men admired her and sought her company.

"Nor did he allow his marriage to temper his career. He continued to see his women patients at all hours, picking up the broken threads of their nerves and soothing them into one piece again.

"He left Donna alone a great deal. He encouraged her to see other men. He apparently wasn't afraid of their competition. Other men amused her, helped to pass the time for her, but none of them seemed to have caught her interest until she met young Guy Jefferson.

"She commenced to ride a lot with Guy. He had a stable of hunters out at his place on the Island. They used to go out there and take the horses over the jumps. She was a wonderful sight on a horse. I sometimes went out with them just to watch her.

There wasn't any subtlety about Guy. He fell in love with Donna and he let everyone know it. Donna spent her days out riding with him and her nights, dressed like a mannequin, presiding over the doctor's dinner table and drawing-room. We were sure that Otto Paul must have known of the situation. But he chose to ignore it.

"THAT went on for about five months or so. Guy was crazy about her. He wanted to marry her. He begged her to divorce the doctor. But Donna never gave herself away. Not one of us could guess whether she preferred her days with Guy or her nights with Otto Paul. Then the doctor gave his dinner party.

"There were ten of us present, including Guy. I noticed during dinner that Otto Paul seemed restive, as though his mind were detached from us and awaiting something. After dinner we had coffee and liqueurs in their white-paneled drawing-room while Donna played for us.

"Finally Otto Paul crossed over to the white marble mantelpiece and set his

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The first time they were Alone

What was the matter with Alec and Alicia? One guess—and you're right

By Hagar Wilde

I AM inclined to doubt the wisdom of entertaining Alicia Houghton and Alexander Vincent in the same house even for the short duration of a week-end," said Janice Carlisle.

Celia Carlisle, her sister-in-law, said between bites of a pencil, "Nonsense. They're mad about each other."

Janice said good-naturedly, "What do you know about it? You only belong to our family by marriage. Alec is my blood nephew and I know him."

"No two people in the world were ever as antagonistic as those two are without having a valiant flame burning underneath it all," said Celia, not ruffled.

"You're hopelessly romantic," Janice said. "You don't, in the first place, know the background."

"No," Celia said patiently She scribbled on her invitation list, *Alicia Houghton. Alec.*

"The last week-end they spent together," said Janice, "was a rout. Alec confined Alicia in a bathhouse for four hours while the masculine contingent of the house party dragged the lake and gave diving exhibitions in an attempt to recover her body. Alec, as I remember, sat calmly by and devoured oranges while he comforted the ladies by saying that Alicia wasn't of much use to anybody anyway. The poor child caught a raging cold. He hadn't even given her a towel."

"Colds aren't really serious, do you think?" said Celia.

"It goes way back to their childhood," said Janice. "It happened that I spent my summers with Alec's family, and I was a party to their brawls. The vacation period, which is supposed to be one of rest, was a continual boxing exhibition at which one or the other of the hapless parents acted as referee. The principal bones of contention were Alicia's dolls. Alec had decided to be a surgeon and his experimental operations were performed on the dolls with the added fillip of the screams of the frantic mother to be set loose from a tree."

"Set loose from a tree?"

"She was tied to a tree," Janice said calmly. "Alec had tied her. He'd learned how to make good, substantial knots from a sailor he'd picked up somewhere." She sighed. "Alicia has never, in all her life," she said, "won a battle with Alec. His is the sort of mind which always brings it off."

"Maybe that's why she's in love with him," said Celia.

"Have it your way," Janice retorted, "but if Alicia Houghton is murdered this week-end I shall always hold you personally responsible."

A WEEK later, their meeting came as a complete surprise to both Alec and Alicia. Alicia came late in the afternoon and bounced down to the tennis courts thinking that the world was bright and a good place in which to live. Then she came upon Alec, hunched in a large heap at the foot of a lawn bench, and changed her mind. As he looked up, Alicia circled around him like a wary cat encircling a dog, trying to pretend that its powers of endurance and fury equal those of the dog.

Alec's face became a study in polite glee. "*Hello*, Alicia."

"So *you're* here," she said coldly.

"You know you're pleased," he said.

"About as pleased as Socrates was when they handed him the hemlock," she said.

"I can tell when you're pleased by that curl at the corner of your mouth."

"That's a nervous affliction," said Alicia.

"You can't fool me," said Alec, with a fine calm.

Later that afternoon Janice was sitting on the veranda and overheard their first private interview. Alec was still attired in tennis clothes and Alicia was barely covered in chiffon. She said: "Alec, we're too old to continue this nonsense."

"What nonsense?" Alec pulled a large apple from his trousers pocket and bit out a sizeable chunk.

"Fighting the way we do."

"We're not fighting," Alec said.

"Sooner or later you'll play some abominable trick on me and I'll lose my temper, and then where will we be?"

"YOU'LL be in a temper," Alec said, "but, of course, I can't guarantee where I'll be. I'm never able to." He bit another large piece from the apple and regarded her knowingly. "What's the purpose of this truce?"

"Purpose?" Alicia's eyes testified to her superb innocence.

"Don't try to pull the wool over my eyes. You've something up your sleeve." He frowned in intense concentration and then hazarded, "You're in love again. Right?"

Alicia laughed heartily. A little too heartily. Alec continued to regard her suspiciously. "It's that pompous ass Crandall," he said with conviction.

"I'm not!" Alicia cried, and the thin wail of her voice sounded to Janice like the piping of a bird that knows the snake has it cornered.

"Oh, yes, you are," said Alec. "I know. I can always tell. You're perpetually falling in love with the worst men around."

"I've been around you all my life," she said tartly. "That's an unfair accusation."

"Nevertheless," Alec said firmly, "it's my duty to save you from yourself."

"Alec Vincent . . . you keep your nose out of my . . ."

Janice closed her book and went in search of Celia. She found her in the kitchen, eating the strawberries the cook had planned to use for supper shortcake. "It's beginning," she said.

"What's beginning?" Celia said, through a strawberry.

"Alec and Alicia. They're off to a good start. Who's the Crandall boy?"

"Tall, dark hair, gray sweater."

Janice nodded. "Well," she said, "I feel a headache coming on. If there's a searching party organized, count me out. I plan to be confined to my room for a space of time."

"That's too bad," Celia said, selecting another strawberry. "Take a headache pill and keep your chin up."

Janice spent the afternoon in her room but curiosity drove her down at dinner-time. The drawing-room was a-flutter with bright-colored chiffon against a background of staid black and white. Alicia sat at the far corner of the room, wearing a shade of green and an expression which could have been carried off successfully only by Alicia or an angel. She was carrying on an animated conversation with the Crandall boy. Janice thought privately that he *did* look like a pompous ass. She looked around for Alec and located him finally, sitting on the refectory table plucking at a bowl of grapes beside him. He wore an expression of deep melancholy and brooding. That presaged the worst. Whenever some particularly fiendish plan was formulating in Alec's mind, his face indicated that he had a soul and that it was being attacked by sickness and pain.

Janice sat through dinner with many of the sensations of a woman sitting through a play when she knows there's to be shooting and that her ears will have to be plugged at one point.

Toward the end of dinner, she knew that he had reached his solution. The frown had smoothed out and an expression of ineffable peace hung over Alec's face. She knew, despairingly, that whatever happened Alec would bring it off.

HIS suggestion that they play truth-and-consequences after dinner was the opening gun. Janice recognized it and looked at Alicia. Alicia shot one panic-stricken glance in his direction, but he was pointedly not looking.

"It's such an old game," Janice interposed weakly.

"The old ones are always best," Alec said with a gentle smile that indicated his warm and friendly feeling for antiquity.

"You tell them how it's played, Alec," Celia said.

"Well, I imagine everybody knows," said Alec, "but, in case there are any doubts about it, it's this way: We take turns asking questions around the room. Any question is permitted . . . and the person questioned is on his honor to answer truthfully." He smiled and looked at Alicia. "Of course, it's a grand opportunity to be mean," he said, "if anybody wants to be mean. Very embarrassing questions can be asked. If

A dreamy smile crossed Alec's face. "He is to take Alicia Houghton," he murmured, "for a walk in the garden, kissing her every ten steps"

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Illustrated by Harry Morse Meyers

the person questioned doesn't want to answer, he must give a forfeit. The forfeits are redeemed later. The person questioning is allowed to name the forfeit he wants. It must be some article on the other person's person." He paused and repeated that. "The other person's person. I like the sound of that."

"I'm feeling a little tired," Alicia said. "I'll just sit back and watch."

"It's no effort," said Alec. "Unless you have something to conceal. I'd play if I were you." His manner conveyed the threat that if she didn't play she'd find an adder in her bed when she retired. "We'll let you start the questions," he added. "That's fair enough, isn't it?"

Alicia's better judgment took the count, and she plunged in. The questions she asked were all unimportant until she reached Alec. Then she said: "Give us the name of the last girl you drove out to Blossom Inn and a detailed account of your conversation on the way home."

"Being a gentleman," Alec said, "I'll forfeit. What do you want?"

He lost his tie.

PEACE reigned until his turn to question her came around.

"We'll have the name of the man you're in love with now," he said.

"Being a lady," said Alicia, "I'll forfeit. What will you have?"

"Your right shoe," said Alec gravely.

The game resolved itself, as Janice had known it would, into a grim battle between Alec and Alicia. Each time their turns came around they asked each other practically the same question cloaked in different phrases. Their forfeits mounted. Alec had been relieved of his tie, both shoes, his signet ring, his shirt studs, his coat and his waistcoat. Alicia had lost her necklace, two rings, both shoes, both garters and a brooch. Accidentally, other forfeits had been gathered. Celia cooed over the forfeits. Redeeming them was always the best part of the fun.

When the time came for redemptions, Alec was chosen to name the forfeits, being of a turn of mind which produced the best results for the entertainment of those people who were not doing the redeeming. He excused himself for a few minutes, leaving instructions as to how his chair should be placed.

Only Janice noted that his directions placed the chair directly opposite and facing a small mirror on the side wall. She reflected that Alec had an Indian sign on her. She dared not mention it in the fear that he would wreak some awful vengeance later.

He came back in and seated himself. His suggestions were uninspired until an article of his own apparel was held over his head. A dreamy smile crossed his face.

"Masculine or feminine?" he murmured.

"Masculine."

"He is to take Alicia Houghton for a walk in the garden, kissing her every ten steps," said Alec, "the walk to be not less than one hundred steps, prolonged, of course, in case the parties in question care to prolong it. When he returns he must give, honestly, his impression of Miss Houghton's reactions."

"It's yours," the forfeit holder said, handing Alec his tie.

A LOOK of concentrated horror passed over Alicia's face.

Janice said under her breath, "Fiend."

"Somebody else will have to take over the forfeits while I attend to this," Alec said, rising. "Come, Alicia."

"I won't come," she said distinctly. "I don't care if you never get your tie."

"I said the person in question was to *take* you walking," said Alec. "You'll be a pretty sight being dragged screaming from the room. You'd better come peaceably."

Alicia summoned all the dignity which will respond to a girl without her shoes. "Give me my shoes, then," she said coldly.

"I'm afraid you'll have to redeem them before you can have them," Alec said. "It's part of the game."

"I can't go walking without my shoes," Alicia said.

"*I'm* going walking without *my* shoes," Alec said. "Are you any better than I am? Your father votes the Democratic ticket. Are you a Let-them-eat-caker in secret?"

Alicia preceded him from the room in dignified silence.

At the bottom of the porch steps Alec paused. "Now which direction

(Continued on page 36)

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Cream Puff

If these foreigners are permitted to muscle in like this, the time will come when no racket will be safe for a good American. Look at what happened to poor Lupo

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

Lupo leaned farther out. "Yeah, the kid gets hers, too," he said

LUPO put down the gilt telephone. He grinned at Little Moe. His shoe-button eyes were merry.

"They're over at Galloway's. All six of 'em, Moe. Don't tip it off, though. You gotta remember it's a secret c'mittee."

Lupo giggled. Little Moe didn't seem to see the joke. His big head, shining bald between the tufts of hair above his ears, wagged slowly and his beady eyes looked as if they stared at trouble.

"You got to do something besides laugh, Domino," he said, "with those six babies out to get you. They're high shots, all of 'em. Galloway and Horton and Rufus Gorham—" He sucked in his breath sharply and his face tightened. "I've been up against Gorham in court and—"

"Cream puffs, Moe." It was a favorite epithet with Domenico Lupo; he used it with a kind of relish whenever he spoke of people who were outside the rackets. Usually, too, when he used it, he spat. He did so now, turning his head to the parapet of the rooftop terrace. "It's a good laugh, them going after me. Public Enemy Number One!"

He leaned back, snickering. Little Moe shook his head again.

"I quit laughing at Rufe Gorham," he said, "right after he got me disbarred." There was a brief, bright glitter in his face. It made him look like a snake. "Maybe the other five don't figure, but Gorham's different."

Lupo stopped grinning. "Your big idea would be to give Gorham the business, huh?"

Little Moe's lips sucked tight. "Dish it out," he said, "or take it. You got your choice. Gorham—"

"F'r a bird with brains," Lupo interrupted, "you're dumb, Moe. Lissen. How many do you figure string in the rackets in this burg? Five thousand? Make it ten. That leaves a coupla millions on the outside. A coupla millions. Get that. An' whose town is it, huh?"

"GORHAM—" Little Moe began.

"Don't make me laugh! You got Gorham on the brain, Moe. Why is Gorham framing up this Committee of Six stunt? The Secret Six! He's got a couple millions back of him, ain't he, and the biggest mob I could get together woulden' be over two-three hunnert. Why don't he take his town away from me, if he wants it back? Why does he leave it go at holdin' whisper sessions over at Galloway's, takin' another vote on who's a public enemy?"

Again, doggedly, Little Moe wagged his head.

"There's other ways of sayin' it besides slugs," he declared. "If Gorham and his push get their two millions moving they'll roll over us like a beer truck going over a bug. And Gorham's the kind that might get 'em started. He's gotta have time to do it, sure, but you're giving him all he wants. One o' these days—"

"You don't get it." Lupo chuckled. "You figure a cream puff's bean works the same as yours. It don't. That's what a cream puff is, Moe—a bird that's 'scairt of his own rules, see? An' twicet as scairt of the hard babies that don't play them rules. There's two reasons why we own this burg." He unfolded the forefinger of a fat, lifted hand. "One of 'em is that the honest citizens figure we'll give 'em the works if they get in our road. But the main reason is that we don't never do it. Them two millions keeps on bein' cream puffs because a cream puff don't get hurt."

Moe's forehead wrinkled. Lupo's voice heated to impatience:

"You're f'r givin' Gorham the business, huh? All right." He lifted the telephone. Little Moe stared, pop-eyed. "Send Nick and Rocco around in Curly's bus, Joe. Yeah. That's right." He hung up. He grunted as he hoisted himself out of the deep chair. "Come on, Moe. We're gonna crash the party over at Galloway's."

"But—" Little Moe's jaw hung slack. His face turned to the yellow pallor of a toad's belly. "Me? Go along with Rocco?"

"YEAH. I said it, didden I?" The shoe-button eyes regarded Moe briefly. The little man's mouth opened and shut. A shiver shook his sloping shoulders. He walked beside Lupo to the open doorway of the penthouse and through a long, gaudy, cluttered room to the bronze door of an elevator. He kept on shivering as the car shot downward. Nick and Rocco were waiting in the corridor, dapper, spindly men, their hands in their coat pockets. They did not speak. They walked out, Moe and Lupo between the two others, to the car that waited in the forbidden space before the porte-cochère. A uniformed doorman opened the door with a fawning, eager servility.

Lupo's hand shoved Little Moe into the car. "Galloway's, Curly," he said, *following.*

A traffic policeman saluted as the car grazed him, and three or four pedestrians leaped nimbly out of its path. It stopped, presently, in front of a great, sober house, a house that seemed to look down with a faint disdain on the swirl of traffic. Lupo jerked his head. Nick unlatched the door and climbed out. Again Little Moe obeyed the thrust of Lupo's hand.

"Inside," Lupo said. They went up wide, shallow steps, four abreast, Nick and Rocco on the flanks. Lupo rang. A manservant in dark livery opened the door. The aloof, professional emptiness of his face lasted an instant; then panic flickered in his widened eyes.

"Lead us to the meetin', buddy." Lupo spoke around the fat cigar. The footman hesitated. His glance wavered to Nick and Rocco. Neither of these spoke or moved, but their stillness seemed to carry meaning to the flunky.

"This way, sir."

He led them through a paneled hall, up a flight of steps, stopped before

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closed, heavy doors. He spread his hands in a queerly supplicating gesture.

"I—my orders—"

Lupo nodded genially. "Oke, buddy. Leave it to me." He pushed the man aside, threw the door open, stood on the threshold.

"Aft'noon, gents."

Six faces turned toward him. For just an instant Little Moe was terrified under the recognizing glance of Rufus Gorham. Then, suddenly, he wanted to laugh out loud. He knew fear when he saw it, and he saw it now, saw it in every one of those six faces, saw it in Jim Galloway's ice-colored eyes, in Marlow's twitching lips, in the slight lift of Rufus Gorham's heavy shoulders.

"I didn't get no notice of the session," Lupo was saying. "Looks like the seckatary musta forgot to tip me off."

Little Moe found it possible to grin. Horton's mouth was open; he looked, Moe thought, like a fish. Lupo chuckled softly.

"I hear you're raising jack to see that law an' order gets a break. I'm in, gents. Law an' order's my dish. It's worth around ten G's an hour to me. Here."

HE THUMBED bills from a thick lump and tossed them on the table.

"Ten G's, gents, wit' the Domino's compliments, an' more any time you gimme the distress signal."

He rolled the cigar slowly to the other corner of his mouth. Nobody spoke. Nobody moved.

"I seen your boy lass night, Senator. Nice kid, huh?" Lupo grinned at Horton. Little Moe saw the tightening about the senator's mouth. Little Moe felt a dim, brief pity for Horton. Moe had a boy of his own, and he knew how he'd be feeling if Domino Lupo had spoken, in that tone and with that look about his Sidney. Lupo's head turned toward Gorham.

"Drove past your place out at Lakeview the other day, Counsellor. Some shack, huh? Them musta been your grandsons that was ridin' a pony on the beach, I guess. Swell kids."

Little Moe saw Gorham's glance flick toward the door, saw his hand shut slowly and, more slowly, open again. Little Moe's old respect for Lupo deepened. Lupo was smart—smarter, even, than Little Moe, who'd always had to get by on smartness and nothing else. Lupo was talking to Marlow, now—asking him when his daughter was coming home from college. Marlow's cheeks were the color of cigarette ashes; they'd sucked in tight against his teeth. He didn't answer. He just looked at Lupo.

Little Moe nodded slantwise. Lupo was right. This was the way to handle men like these. They knew that if Lupo chose to kidnap their daughters or toss a pineapple into their grandsons' cribs, he'd do it. But until he did it they couldn't lift a finger against him, not even when he stood here telling them, almost in so many words, that he was thinking about it. They had to play according to their rules, rules that tied their hands and left Lupo's free. Even if they wanted to break those rules they couldn't; they didn't know how to use pineapples or machine guns themselves and there weren't any Nicks or Roccos on their pay rolls.

Lupo swaggered up to the table. He picked up the sheaf of papers that lay in front of Gorham. His small, round, piggy eyes glanced at them. He put them down. He was still grinning, but Little Moe noticed something different, now, about that grin, an' a funny little shiver ran up and down between his shoulders.

"The seckatary don't need to send me no notice about the nex' meetin', gents," Lupo said. "I'll prob'ly be tipped off anyways." He struck a match on the bronze stand at Galloway's elbow, lighted his cigar and dropped the match, still burning, on the rug.

"Well, Abyssinia." Lupo chuckled. He liked wise-cracks. It always tickled him to say "Abyssinia" instead of "I'll be seein' yuh." He went out, swaggering. Even Little Moe almost managed to swagger as he followed.

In the car, though, when Little Moe wanted to chatter excitedly, Lupo cut him short.

"Can it, Moe." There wasn't any mirth in the fat face. The eyes shifted to Rocco. "Know where Tony Ciuci's hangin' out?"

Rocco nodded, mentioned a street and number. Lupo's face brightened faintly. "There, huh?—Why, you can see it from my place." He chuckled. "I'll have a ringside seat."

Little Moe shivered, Nick and Rocco merely showed dim signs of interest; Nick grinned faintly and Rocco licked his lips.

"You gotta make it snappy," Lupo said. "Them babies back at Galloway's know I got a eyeful of Tony's squeal that Gorham had in front of him. Tony'll get the tip-off and scram if you don't beat him to it."

Nick and Rocco nodded in perfect unison.

"Better hop off here," Lupo told them. "Get Eddie and Jake, and use Jake's bus."

The car stopped. Nick and Rocco slid out. Little Moe watched them go. He'd listened, a good many times, to just such orders, but he couldn't seem to get used to it.

"Step on her, Curly," Lupo sounded almost excited. "I'd hate to miss this."

THE car spurted past a red light; Little Moe had a glimpse of the traffic policeman's face as he went by, and saw the anger fade comically out of it. Looking back, he saw a hand wave in apology and deference.

Lupo jumped out quickly as the car stopped. Little Moe's short legs had to run to keep pace with him; the elevator whisked them upward. Lupo scuttled over to the parapet. Little Moe pulled up just behind him.

"That's the corner." Lupo pointed. "Tony's hide-out's somewheres along the alley where them kids is playin' hopscotch."

Little Moe's nearsighted eyes couldn't see very clearly; he wouldn't have known about the children if Lupo hadn't told him.

Lupo stiffened. "I see him! I see him!" He pointed again. "The sucker! He's standin' right there by them kids—leanin' up against them steps, where he ain't got a pig's chance f'r a getaway! Look. There's Jake's bus, right by the corner, slowin' down, see? An' there's one o' the boys gettin' out. It's Eddie. See? There he goes up the alley. An' there he goes back. It won't be long now! Ah-h-h!"

Little Moe leaned far out over the parapet, quivering. He heard Lupo catch his breath. He wasn't sure that he actually saw those tiny, darting flashes or heard, remotely, that corn-popping noise.

"The rat!" Lupo whispered. "The dirty—"

"What happened? What'd he do?" Little Moe's fingers twitched at Lupo's sleeve. "What—"

"Leggo!" Lupo snarled. Moe's hand jerked back as if the sleeve had burned him. "What'd he do, the yellow rat? I didn't know there was any guy as low as that. He grabs up one of them kids just as Rocco lets go!" He leaned farther out. "Yeah, the kid gets hers, too. Gawd, I didn't know there was anything could make me sick like this—"

Little Moe didn't listen to any more. His wits were working fast, now. They told him that he and Lupo had something a lot more important than Tony Ciuci to think about. He guessed that even cream puffs might be dangerous after a baby-killing. Lupo's wits must have been busy, too. He snarled at Moe:

"Do your stuff. Get movin'."

MOE'S short legs wabbled as he scuttled away, but his brains weren't wabbling. They were telling him that this wasn't an ordinary job; they reminded him that Nick and Rocco had been with Lupo at Galloway's only a few minutes before they squared accounts with Tony. They even reminded Moe that he had been at Galloway's, too. If anything broke wrong, if anybody in that alley rapped to Nick or Rocco . . . ordinarily Moe didn't worry much about such contingencies. But ordinarily Little Moe's own skin wasn't involved. This time . . .

He was out of breath when he found Nick and Rocco in the clubroom behind Jake's garage. It didn't make him feel any better to observe that they both looked worried.

"Can it and scram," Little Moe said. "Get started and keep goin'."

"Jack?" Rocco said. Little Moe pushed money at him—all he had on him. It wasn't any time to be counting. Nick snatched at the bills. There was almost a scuffle before Little Moe intervened. "Scram," he said. "If—"

The door pushed inward. A squad of Headquarters men came in, bunched together, guns ready.

"Come on, Rocco. You too, Nick."

The voice was ugly. Little Moe didn't like the sound of it. He didn't like the way the bull's eye traveled around the group. When it stopped at him Little Moe felt like screaming that he hadn't done anything. He breathed more easily when the bull looked away. Nick and Rocco knew better than to have their torches on them.

(Cont'd on page 45)

"I hear you're raising jack to see that law an' order gets a break. I'm in, gents"

Illustrated by Herbert Morton Stoops

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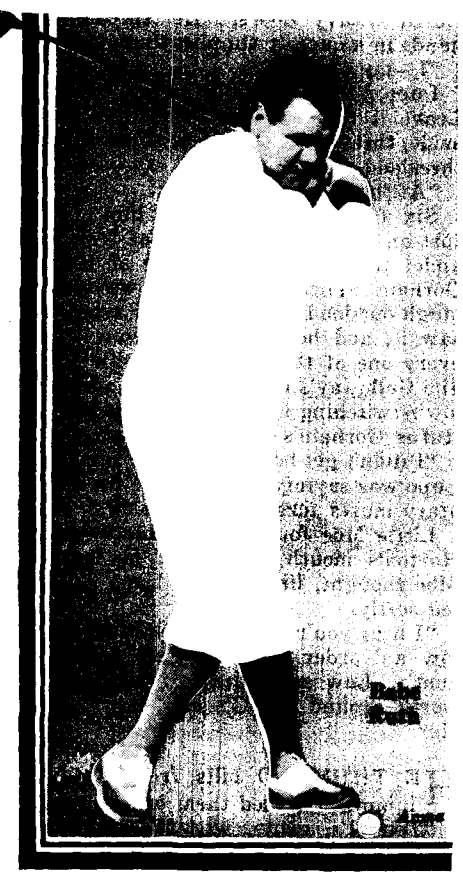
On the Other Hand

Are most left-handers poor golfers? Southpaw sluggers and their right-handed critics both are invited to comment on this moot question. Bill Cunningham is a left-handed player himself, but you don't have to be one to talk about it. Address Southpaw Golfer, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City

By Bill Cunningham



EVER since the crust of this terrestrial ball first began to cool, men have been banding themselves together in defense of *their rights.*

It has remained, however, for this year of grace to fetch us the unique spectacle of a group uniting in defense —of all things—of their *lefts!*

This wistful group is comprised of those golfers who try to sock a golf ball from the wrong, or left, side.

And if you want to see a drive, watch one of theirs!

Tired of hearing the gibes of their right-handed brethren, they have joined left hands in a national organization to be known as the National Left-Handed Golfers' Association. And part of their announced program is to hold an annual national left-handed tournament.

That famous southpaw, George Herman Ruth, holds the portfolio of Honorary President. The Secretary, up to the moment of going to press, is Everett G. Livesay of Columbus, Ohio.

I write with authority upon the subject, for I am—Heaven help me—one of the Bias Brigade. My drives, in wheeling circles a sea gull might envy, usually wind up in the tool shed or sail through some windshield. My irons give birth to such cockeyed parabolas that even Professor Einstein couldn't graph them.

"And you'll never improve," say my right-handed friends, even including such an eminent authority as Professor Alex Morrison, "unless you switch around and learn to bat the other way. Golf is a right-handed game. All left-handers slice. They can't help it. It's the way they're built, or something."

There is no top-flight left-hander in all the sweep of the golfing world. There has never been a left-handed winner in any of the major championships.

Every club has a scattering of left-handed players. Authorities estimate their number as one per cent of the total. Occasionally one is good enough to win a club cup. There've been a few rare instances of left-handed state champions—Ted Hancock, of Rhode Island, to name one—but there's never been a lefty to be mentioned in the same dozen breaths with the immortal Jones - Hagen - Ouimet - Sarazen right-handed roster.

The curse of the southpaw is his roundhouse slice and a tendency to fall away from the ball. Various theories are advanced as to why he does this. The one most commonly offered and most generally accepted is that it's because his heart is on the side from which he swings. Doctors say that alibi is ridiculous, but I'm not a doctor. I'm only a reporter.

Another theory I recently heard is that a natural affinity exists between a left-hander and curves, whether the game be baseball or golf. Left-handers are always curve-ball pitchers, some say, and the probable reason why left-handed batters are so successful is because they hit a ball that slices and is therefore hard to handle.

That, however, is the pure sauce of the Baldwin.

All the left-handed hurlers don't depend upon hooks. If anybody has a faster fast ball than the Athletics' Lefty Grove, I, for one, haven't seen it, and I've never noticed any consistent slices by such distinguished left-handed batters as Babe Ruth, Babe Herman, Mickey Cochrane, Chuck Klein, Lefty O'Doul, Paul Waner or Don Hurst.

These southpaw heroes of baseball linger in this particular discussion because it so happens that three or four of them are the only consistently good southpaw golfers I have ever seen. At the top of the list, perhaps, belongs the former pitcher, Dutch Leonard. He can travel the average course in the 70's. While still a member of the Detroit Tigers, back in 1925, he played a couple of exhibition matches at Belmont Springs, a testing course near Boston, and scored a 75 on each trip. On one round at the fourth hole, which measures more than 500 yards, his drive of some 250 yards left him with a sharp downhill lie. The shot, one of the hardest in the game, called for a full brassie. Leonard, despite the lie and the distance, took a brassie and dropped his shot not ten feet from the pin.

"Pretty lucky," was the comment of one of his opponents.

"Yeah?" said Leonard, "well, watch this!" and he dropped another ball, deliberately stepped upon it to make the shot harder, took his brassie, wound up and blazed away.

And that second ball stopped inside the first one!

One Gleam of Hope

Babe Ruth, new president of the Left-Handed Golfers' Association, also can play in the low 70's. In fact he gets so good at the game now and then that he talks about playing it professionally when his baseball days are done.

But for every one of these gentlemen who hit the ball effectively from the unorthodox side, there are several thousand others who couldn't break 100 with their golf sticks if the numerals were made of glass. Theirs is but to sweat and suffer, enduring the pitying glances of their more normal brethren and wondering if, after all, they shouldn't try to turn around.

There's one exception to the general symphony of sympathy. And it's an important exception since it comes from Francis Ouimet, present United States Amateur Champion, and one of the world's really great golfers for the past twenty years.

I was playing with Francis one afternoon recently upon a fairly difficult course. He, despite an annoying headache, was breaking the course record with a flaming 67. I was hoeing around after him in 103.

Suddenly I sliced a spoon shot entirely off the club property and began exercising my vocabulary.

"The trouble with you left-handers, Bill," said the professional Francis in his kindly way, "is a pronounced inferiority complex and a somewhat subconscious dishonesty. You listen to some pro say that you should switch around, forgetting that he probably wants to switch you because he doesn't know how to teach a left-handed style. Then you go out with insufficient instruction and blame every bum shot, not upon the fault that causes it, but upon the fact that you aren't right-handed.

"I don't see why a left-hander shouldn't play as well as a right-hander. I know a left-hander named Cliff Bass up in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, who has about the finest swing I've ever seen on a golf links.

"The trouble, I think, is that there are so few left-handed players that their mistakes stand out where a right-hander's are obscured by the mob. As a matter of fact, the percentage of good right-handed players is infinitesimally small when you consider the size of the vast army that swings from that side. I'd venture to say that ninety per cent of all right-handers slice and flub just as badly as the lefties."

Well, now that we have ourselves an organization and everything, maybe we'll get off the defensive and start talking back. Until now, we've been as meek as the man who takes his hat off in a telephone booth before he dares call up his wife.

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Isla's voice was high-pitched, hysterical: "Oh, God, it's not going to happen again!"

Illustrated by Joseph M. Clement

The Frightened Lady

By Edgar Wallace

The Story Thus Far:

LADY LEBANON'S chauffeur, Studd, has been murdered—strangled to death with a long red scarf. Chief Inspector Tanner, of Scotland Yard, and two aides—Sergeants Totty and Ferraby—are at work on the case.

The crime, a puzzling one, has been committed near Mark's Priory, the ancestral estate of the Lebanons. Living at the Priory are: Lady Lebanon and Willie, her eccentric son; Isla Crane, her beautiful secretary (who, if her ladyship's plans do not miscarry, will some day marry Willie); and various servants, including Kelver, the butler; and Brooks and Gilder, two powerful footmen—Americans. Having questioned everyone, Tanner has learned little. He is certain, though, that Isla Crane knows something of the tragedy; and he succeeds in spotting two suspects: Dr. Amersham, a mysterious and sinister person who, living in London, pays frequent visits to the Priory; and Tilling, a gamekeeper, with whose wife Studd, it is whispered, had been having an affair. . . .

The murderer, Tanner soon learns, is an exceedingly dangerous criminal. Stealing into Ferraby's room (at an inn near the Priory) one night, he almost succeeds in strangling the detective—with a replica of the scarf found around Studd's neck! . . . Amersham goes to Mark's Thornton, the village near Mark's Priory. Tanner and Totty promptly search his flat. They find a scarf. A red scarf. A scarf (made in India, where the doctor had once lived for several years) exactly like the two used by the killer! . . . Amersham and Lady Lebanon have a long interview. The doctor, it appears, is receiving money from her ladyship. They quarrel. Amersham, in a rage, threatens to "tell the little story to Tanner." Lady Lebanon stares at him. "Don't forget," she says calmly, "that you're as deeply in it as anybody." Whereupon the man storms out of the room. As he leaves, Isla Crane enters. She is white, trembling. *Something*, Lady Lebanon realizes, *has terrified her!*

V

WITH a gesture Jackson was dismissed.

"What is the matter?" asked Lady Lebanon harshly, and pointed to a chair beside the table.

The girl sat down.

"Where is Gilder?" she asked.

"I don't know. Perhaps in his room."

"He's gone out." Isla's voice was high-pitched, hysterical. "And Brooks has gone out. I saw them from my window. Oh, God, it's not going to happen again!"

Then, without warning, she collapsed in a heap. Lady Lebanon did not look at her. Her dark eyes came round to the dim passage and the heavy door beyond, and she went swiftly down the corridor, swung open the door and stood staring into the night.

There was no sound, not even the rumble of a distant train. The quietness was almost oppressive. Then, from the black void before her, came a scream that struck her cold; a short scream, stifled, that ended with startling suddenness, and then silence fell again. Still she stood stiffly erect, staring blankly into the night, and in her heart a cold terror of premonition.

MANY are called to the Criminal Investigation Department, but few are chosen. They are self-called, for most young policemen feel in themselves the makings of great detectives.

There were little classes held at Scotland Yard for the embryo detective officers, and it fell to Mr. Tanner's lot, since the summer holidays were on, to deliver lectures on detective work and to illustrate those lectures from his wide experience. His big room was set with chairs for the privileged few who were to attend his "class," and a blackboard had been wheeled in, on which he was to illustrate his typical case.

Totty arrived early, saw the blackboard, and would have retreated but for imperative orders to remain until the chief inspector put in an appearance. He was sitting at Tanner's desk as usual when Ferraby came in. Totty had read the "confidential" and looked up with a grin as the other entered.

"Nearly got you, did they? Well, well, well! I don't know how the Yard would have gone on if we'd lost our most active and intelligent officer—so intelligent that he didn't lock his bedroom door—"

"He came through the window," Ferraby contradicted.

"Through a trap in the floor!" sneered Totty. "Through a secret panel, just the same as they do it in books!"

"Thank you for your sympathy and loving kindness," said Ferraby, who knew his man. "Where's Tanner?"

"He'll be here in ten minutes. How's the throat?"

"Grand—honestly, I was scared stiff."

"I'd have died," admitted Totty gracefully. "I can't bear being woke up, anyway. What were you doing down at Mark's Priory?"

"Looking round," said Ferraby, and then went to the subject which was uppermost in his mind. "That girl's lovely."

Totty looked up, clasped his head, was extravagantly puzzled.

"Which girl?"

"Miss Crane. Unless I'm mistaken, she is the unhappiest creature in the world."

"Oh, that's why you went down!" said Totty scornfully. "To cheer her up. Well, you don't seem to have made a job of it!"

FERRABY had to talk to somebody about the thing that was in his mind.

"They say she's going to marry that fellow," he said savagely.

Totty put down the confidential document, which he had no right to be reading.

"Which fellow?" he asked and, when the other told him: "Lord Lebanon?" He whistled. "She's a lucky girl. She'll be a female viscount—I should say she was lucky!"

"Your ideas of luck and mine are quite different," said Ferraby coldly.

He strolled to the window, looked out onto the Embankment and changed the subject.

"That man Briggs is over at Cannon Row."

"Briggs?"

"The fellow who was pinched for passing slush," elucidated Ferraby. "He wrote to Tanner apparently, and said he had some statement to make about the Mark's Priory murder. Tanner thinks he can throw some light on it, and he may—he was in the village on the night Studd was murdered, and he says he saw him. So Tanner sent for him."

Totty shook his head and made impatient noises.

"I can't understand Tanner taking any notice of a man like that," he said in despair. "I've had convicts in my office confessing to murders, never mind about throwing light on them. And why? So they could be brought up for a day's outing from the coop! Convicts' confessions! Lord love a duck!"

HE HEARD Tanner come into the room.

"I was just saying that, in my opinion, it's a waste of time interviewing a man like Briggs. Let me go over and see him at Cannon Row. I'll get the truth out of him."

"Do you ever say 'sir'?" asked Tanner.

Totty admitted he did occasionally.

"I'll say 'sir' if you want me to say 'sir,' sir," he said with heavy irony. "That man's over at Cannon Row."

"So they tell me," nodded Tanner.

"It's a waste of time. I really am surprised at you—"

"That's entirely my affair," said Tanner.

"I'm only trying to help you, boy," said Totty with great friendliness.

" 'Sir' will do," said Tanner. "In the presence of a subordinate it sounds good." Tanner was almost oracular. "When we are alone I will remember that we were, respectively, the best and the shortest policemen that ever walked a beat together."

"You've said that before," said Totty, "and my reply is, I'm still the best."

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"Are you feeling any the worse for your adventure?" asked Tanner.

Ferraby made a rueful smile.

"I feel an awful fool to go down and make inquiries about a choking and get choked myself. I'm perfectly all right now, but it was a little bit of a shock to my vanity."

"You saw nobody and heard nothing? Didn't catch a glimpse of him?"

Ferraby shook his head.

"No, I must have been sleeping very soundly, and I'm pretty lucky to be alive."

Totty made a disparaging noise.

"They'd never have caught me, boy," he said. "The slightest touch and I'm awake, with all my faculties working at top speed!"

"All your faculties aren't so many," said Tanner. "Now tell me all about the woman—Mrs. Tilling."

Even Totty was interested.

"She knows something, or guesses something," said Tanner. "But I have an idea she may be guessing wrong. You had a little quarrel with the husband, did you?"

"It's a funny thing you can't go anywhere without trying to break up a home," Totty said.

"Will you shut up? You quarreled with him, did you?"

Ferraby smiled.

"Quarreling with that bird is a normal way of carrying on a conversation," he said.

TANNER rubbed his chin irritably. "There are too many suspects in this case for my liking. The doctor was in the neighborhood? Oh, yes, you told me. And you've got no new line about Briggs?"

Totty was looking at the chairs.

"You don't want me to stop for this lecture, do you?" he asked and, when his chief nodded: "May I ask you, what's the good of me taking a recruit's course?" he wailed. "Do you know that I've forgotten more than anybody at Scotland Yard ever knew?"

Tanner looked up in surprise.

"I didn't know that."

"Make a note of it," said Totty. "If I could have passed my examination I'd have been chief constable by now. Queen Elizabeth—huh!"

"She wasn't a bad sort," said Tanner.

"The so-called Virgin Queen!" sneered Totty. "That was a bit of a scandal."

"The worst scandal," said Ferraby, "was your saying that she died in 1066."

Totty exploded.

"Does it matter when she died? Would it make me a better inspector if I thought she died in 1815? Anyway, this lecture has nothing to do with history. I don't want to be told how criminals work; I've got it there." He tapped his forehead. "That's where I've got it."

"That's where you've got it," said Ferraby, "and that's the last place in the world anybody would look for it."

"I shan't want you for the moment," said Tanner. "No, not you, Totty—Ferraby. I'll see this man Briggs, and then I'll have the class in."

Totty sighed and elaborately expressed his resignation.

"What's your typical case?" he asked, dropping into a chair and lighting a cigarette.

Bill Tanner thought for a moment.

"Why not take the Mark's Priory case? It's fresh in their minds."

"*I* could tell them all about that."

"I wonder if you could tell them all about this?"

Tanner had taken the folder from his drawer and extracted a slip of paper.

"It's a little thing I collected yesterday, which, in conjunction with the red scarf I found in Amersham's desk, makes the two most important discoveries we've made."

"May I see the paper?" asked Totty.

"You may not," said the other promptly. "This"—he waved the slip—"is a bit of first-class reasoning and intuition."

Totty was curious, but his curiosity remained unsatisfied.

"It's as clear as mud to me," he said. "Whichever way you turn, you get back to Amersham. He was in Priory Field on the night Studd was murdered; he was in possession of the scarf; he was near Mark's Thornton the night they tried to scrag Ferraby—and why anybody should take the trouble of putting Ferraby off the pay roll, I can't imagine."

Totty leaned forward.

"I've been making a few inquiries on *my own. While you were sleeping* soundly in your bed, what was I doing?"

"Write Your Own" Awards

The manuscripts chosen for first, second and third awards for the June 25th Write Your Own story were written by:

$100 **S. Holt McAloney, Colorado Springs, Colorado.**

$75 **Ethel Lawrence, 510 West Pitkin Avenue, Pueblo, Colorado.**

$50 **Ralph Tillson, 706 Homer Avenue, Portland, Oregon.**

Thousands of manuscripts were received. All were read and the high quality of much of the work made the selections difficult. Since manuscripts came from all parts of the United States as well as foreign countries, it is an interesting coincidence that Mr. McAloney and Mrs. Lawrence (first and second awards) are both residents of southern Colorado. It must be the altitude.

"Drinking," suggested Tanner.

"Toiling and moiling to get the facts," said the indignant Totty. "Racking my brains and getting here, there and everywhere after information. Amersham's on the police records."

Bill Tanner sat up.

"You don't mean that?"

Sergeant Totty smirked at the sensation he had created.

"I found it out myself from the files."

Bill waited breathlessly.

"Driving to the common danger—fined five pounds, license indorsed." Tanner sank back in his chair. "I see—a real hardened criminal," he growled. "Has he ever sold bananas after eight? You make me sick!" He turned the detached sheets of the dossier.

"Briggs might tell us something."

Totty sneered:

"Him! All he wants is a joy ride. A taxi ride from Wormwood Scrubbs to Scotland Yard is like a char-à-bancs excursion for him."

"We'll see. Bring him up."

Totty reached out for the phone and had his hand knocked away.

"Go down to Cannon Row and bring him over, you lazy devil," he said. "What were you in civil life?"

"I was a soldier," said Totty with some dignity.

He had not far to go. Briggs was outside in the corridor, handcuffed to a prison officer, and he ushered him in. Mr. Briggs looked a little healthier than he had when he was sentenced. He was, however, his melancholy self, full of complaints and ready to profit by any opportunity which presented itself. They unlocked the handcuffs, sat him in a chair and gave him a cigarette. He complained of feeling faint and asked for brandy.

"They never lose hope, do they?" said Totty admiringly. "That's what I like about 'em!"

"Now, then, Briggs." Tanner was brusque and businesslike. "You were in the village of Mark's Thornton on the night of the murder, weren't you?"

"Yes, sir." Briggs' voice was a thin wail. He spoke like a man who was suffering. "That's what I made a statement about. I can't help the police the same as I'd like to help them. I've been put inside by perjury, believe me or believe me not, Mr. Tanner. I was as innocent as a babe unborn—"

"I'm sure," interrupted Tanner. "Now tell us, is there anything you want to add to this statement?"

Briggs had his story to tell, and he greatly desired that it should not be a short story, that it should last at least the length of time it takes to smoke three cigarettes.

Mr. Tanner had other views, and presently he came to the story of what Briggs saw as he sat on the stile near Priory Fields. He had seen the murdered man pass and had heard a scream, and then:

"I saw a gentleman coming towards me. He was running and out of breath, and when I said, 'Who's there?' he said, 'It's all right, it's Dr. Amersham.'"

"You're sure of that?" said Bill quickly, and jotted down a note. "You didn't say that in your statement."

"There's a lot of things I didn't say in my statement," admitted Briggs. "To tell you the truth, Mr. Tanner, I thought if I put everything in, you mightn't want to see me."

"Wanted the day out, did you? All right. Well, what happened then?"

TANNER had a long experience of criminals and criminals' stories. He knew beyond doubt when a man of this kind was telling the truth—and Briggs was telling the truth.

Briggs got up from his chair and walked across to the desk. He had a sense of drama, knew that what he was about to say would provide a sensational climax to the interview. For this he was bringing up all his reserves.

"Mr. Tanner," he said slowly, "I've got a wonderful memory for voices. The moment I heard him speak I remembered him."

"You had met him before?" asked Tanner in surprise. "Where?"

"In India—in the Poona jail," said Briggs.

"We were waiting trial together. He was up on a charge of forging a check. He was an army officer and he put his name to some other chap's check. Bit of a coincidence, wasn't it? I was up on the same charge myself. But he got off; they squared it to save a scandal."

Tanner looked at him incredulously. Dr. Amersham a forger? Either he was mistaking the man for somebody else, or—

"Are you inventing all this?"

"No, I'm not inventing it," said Briggs; "it's true. If you'd like to go to the trouble and expense of sending a cable to India, I can give you the date. The fifteenth of November, 1918."

"But Dr. Amersham is a man of education, a gentleman, an army officer—" began Tanner.

"Of course he was an army officer," said Briggs scornfully. "But I tell you, he forged the name of a brother officer, a man named Willoughby—that's the name, Willoughby. You see if I'm not right. He was dismissed from the army, and I don't know what became of him after that. They say he married a Chechen woman down in the Madras Presidency."

"A Chechen woman? That's a Eurasian?"

Briggs nodded.

"THERE was all sorts of scandal about it, but I don't know the rights of it. All I do know is that he was up on this charge, and he was guilty. Leicester Charles Amersham—and I recognized him at once by his voice."

Leicester Charles Amersham! There was no question now—this was the man.

Here was news, indeed. Long after the prisoner had been taken away, protesting against the refusal of Tanner to promise a remission of his sentence, the chief inspector sat, his head on his hands, and for once Totty was not flippant.

"I've got to have another talk with Amersham, and I think it's going to be a pretty serious talk," he said at last. "We've got four lines to him from four different quarters—I wonder what he's after now."

"I'll tell you what he's after," said Totty. "He's after Lebanon."

Bill Tanner pursed his lips.

"Lebanon? Yes, Amersham may be. I always thought there was something odd about him, but I never dreamed he had this special kind of record."

"And why the American footmen?" demanded Totty. "Who ever heard of an American footman? It's not natural. He'd be easy, too, Viscount Lebanon. He's a mug. It'd be like taking money from a child."

It was at that moment that Ferraby came hurriedly into the room.

"Well?"

"Will you see Lord Lebanon?" said the sergeant.

Inspector Tanner's jaw dropped.

"Lebanon? That's odd. Yes, bring him in." And when Ferraby had gone: "What the devil does he want?"

Lebanon came in, gazed curiously around the room, deposited his hat, his gloves and his cane on one of the vacant chairs, and looked from Totty to Tanner, not quite sure—

"You're in charge of this case, aren't you?"

Totty would have permitted this inference to stand, but his superior made the situation clear.

It was no easier for Lord Lebanon with Tanner than it might have been with his junior. He was ill at ease, shot back an apprehensive look at the door through which he had passed, and out of which Ferraby, at a nod from the inspector, had taken his departure.

"Yes, I remember you, Mr. Tanner, and I seem to remember your boy."

Sergeant Totty grew visibly dignified, and was introduced.

The visitor was still uneasy about the door.

"Do you mind seeing if there's anybody outside listening?"

Bill Tanner chuckled. In all the years of his service, and from the thousands, innocent or guilty, who had given him their confidence in that room, he had never heard such a suggestion.

"Of course there isn't anybody listening," he smiled. "People don't do that sort of thing at Scotland Yard."

He had been startled by the arrival

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Illustrated by F. G. Cooper

Who will Sell Liquor?

By William G. Shepherd

Will your groceryman sell liquor if, as or when the Eighteenth Amendment is repealed? Will he be the one retailer along our Main Streets intrusted by the government with this important task? Or will it be the druggist? Or the butcher? Or the baker? Or a government storekeeper? Or a private liquor storekeeper? Already the grocers are discussing the possibilities. Supposing your grocer sells booze—are you for it or against it? Collier's will pay twenty-five dollars for the most interesting letter on each side. Address Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

THOSE storekeepers in the town of Willemstad didn't try to sell anything until each woman or man customer had taken at least one drink. And they gave you the drinks free. They had none to sell. Liquor, for them, is to business—that is, to their customers' business—what lubricating oil is to a motor car. The city is on the Dutch island of Curaçao, famous for a certain very warming cordial which, in sweetness and flavor, resembles candy, but, in kick, is 39 per cent alcohol. It is a very smooth lubricant.

"A pongee silk suit?" said the storekeeper, repeating my words. "We have fine ones. Refresh yourself while I get them." And along the top of the glass show case he pushed before me a tray with glasses and several bottles of rich, syrupy, highly alcoholic liquor. All about the store were trays so equipped and all about me were enthusiastic or slightly oiled Americans, ashore for the one-day visit of our cruise ship, buying busily. The ratio of drinks taken to articles purchased seemed about six to one. It was like that in all the shops.

I went back at a late hour for the altered suit. It was almost sailing-time. All customers had gone. The manager of the store was seated at a little table, with several clerks, clustering around left-over trays of cordials. They all arose, a little guiltily.

The manager laughed as he sent for my suit.

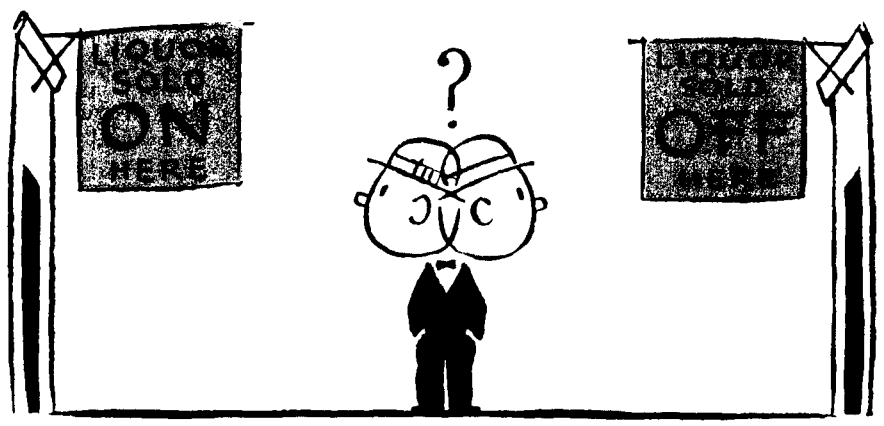
"You see," he apologized, "it is our turn to drink now. We do not drink with our customers."

That sounds like a frowzy foreigner's trick, getting Americans all aglow and amiable while he stayed cold and shrewd. Then it occurred to me that I had heard of such tricks before. The father of a President of the United States, old Doctor Harding, of Marion, Ohio, had told me of them. He was digging up memories of the forties in Ohio.

In the Good Old Days

"Storekeepers in the small towns," he told me, "used to give whisky away free. I can remember the open-headed whisky cask, in the center of the store, right near the door. A tin cup was tied to it. Customers could drink all they pleased, but I rarely saw the storekeeper drink. He used to say, 'Drink with one, drink with all; and that's too much for the best man alive.'

"There was no revenue tax on liquor in those days. It was like milk. Anyone could have it or sell it or give it away, though I believe that some tavern keepers went to the trouble of taking out local licenses for their bars.



"You could buy whisky anywhere, from almost everybody or anybody, and it was very cheap; thirty cents a gallon, if I remember rightly. And the storekeeper himself used to try to sell a jug of it to customers before they climbed into their wagons and started for home."

Here we have two instances of storekeepers using liquor for profit. I give them in order to present a very hot question which we'll all be debating before very long. It is this:

Who will retail our liquor when the Eighteenth Amendment is adjusted in these United States?

That's a question which will have to be settled in every one of the forty-eight states which chooses to legalize and tax alcoholic drinks.

There's going to be an oil rush of retailers for the fair profits of liquor. We might as well begin to get ready for that.

There *must* be stores of some sort or other where liquor will be sold. Who will operate them? Will they be government stores? Or private stores? If they are private stores, should a new kind of store—a liquor store—be added to our already long list of stores? Or, should liquor be added to the wares of stores that are already in existence?

Many different sorts of retailers, in past times, have sold liquor in America; that is, in prohibition times.

"Why, dad-burn it!" an old-time farm agent in Kansas told me, "the liveliest blind pigs in Kansas towns, next to the drug stores, used to be hardware stores. They used to have kitchen stoves standing all around the store and the hardware man used to hide his liquor in the ovens. The men could hide behind the stoves to drink. Womenfolks hardly ever came in."

Along the Main Streets of America barbers frequently sold drinks. So did the liveryman and the garageman. The milliner was out of the liquor business. So was the meatman. And for good reason. The place that sells liquor illegally must be a store to which men can, more or less, come and visit without attracting feminine attention. No store patronized largely by wives would dare to take a chance.

The drug store was the ideal helper in every dry crisis. Everybody in town knew there was booze at the drug store. Why shouldn't there be? It was medicine. The druggist was the only storekeeper in town, of any sort, who would be able, if only he could be persuaded, to furnish liquor. And there was the

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Wife for Sale

By Kathleen Norris

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The Story Thus Far:

DESPERATE because of poverty, Norah Oliver—a sweet 24-year-old girl—advertises for a husband. Within less than two weeks, she is married—and confronted with a remarkable situation. Her husband—Barry Dunsmuir, an explorer—has sailed for the South Polar regions, and she, with her mother and her sister Evelyn (who know nothing of the marriage and who believe Norah has merely become Dunsmuir's secretary-housekeeper), is ensconced in his New Jersey farm—"Foxaway."

Now, at last, the little Oliver family seems safe. But Norah is far from happy. She respects Dunsmuir; she does not love him. Her thoughts revert constantly to a boy in New York: David Howard. David (who for months past has seemed strangely indifferent to her) she adores. . . . Weeks elapse. Little news of Dunsmuir. Then comes the news that Barry Dunsmuir's ship has foundered. Only two men—sailors—have been saved!

Almost immediately, two visitors arrive: Hazel Dunsmuir, Barry's cousin, and Lucille Swann. Hazel announces that Foxaway will soon be hers—that Barry had willed it to her! But what Lucille says comes as an even greater surprise to Barry Dunsmuir's widow. "I," she confides, "was engaged to dear Barry. We were to be married on his return." . . . Norah says nothing of her marriage. Nor does she announce it when Mrs. Dunsmuir, Barry's wealthy aunt, calls and demands to know her plans. Now that Barry is gone, his relatives are avid to acquire his property. Judge Bailey—an old friend of the Dunsmuirs—drops in to discuss the situation. Knowing him to be devoted to Barry, Norah tells him her story. The judge listens sympathetically. He advises her to keep her secret until Barry's death is a certainty.

At this extraordinarily tense moment, another visitor arrives: *David Howard!* He is, it appears, vacationing at a near-by hotel. He greets Norah effusively. Then—"Of course you've heard the news?" he says. "About the explorers, I mean. Some of the men have been found." Norah, stunned, can only gasp a reply. As though in a dream, she hears David's words coming to her: "You're prettier than ever, Norah. *I'm crazy about you!*"

VII

NORAH and David sat by the spring and talked, and the glorious dying summer day about them was only a reflection, an extension of the heaven that was in their own hearts.

David had his big arm laid along the rocky ledge behind the huge, dry, mossy boulder where they sat; their feet were deep in ferns and bracken and the deep, crisp carpet of last year's leaves. Below them the gracious lines of the hills and the great trees fell away to the village, asleep in sunset. Nearer were the silvered farm buildings, and the elms and maples and fruit trees, and the furred roof and magnificent roof line of the farmhouse. Between the high attic windows, on the chimney side, a large iron "S" had been sunk into the bricks and plaster; pear-tree shadows flickered over the soft discolored clapboards that had once been white, but that were mellowed now to pearly gray.

"I've had the rottenest year I ever had!" David said.

"Oh, David, why?"

"Oh, everything. I took a six months' leave, you know."

"From college!"

"Yep. I was going to be flunked out. I'm coaching now until Christmas. Four of us are up here with a coach."

"Near here?"

"Over in Morristown."

"Why, David, *that's* not very far!" the girl said, pleased.

"That's what I was thinking. How long do you stay?"

"I'm going to stay right along."

"Not through the winter!"

"Oh, yes; through the winter. I love the winter."

David was looking down at her cheek, his own brown cheek, upon which the skin was stretched tightly, very close.

"I had forgotten what black eyelashes you have, Norah!" he told her.

"The better to see you with."

"And I had forgotten that you have much too much mouth, and it's much too red. I never saw such a mouth!"

"I'm sorry you don't like it," said Norah.

He did not move his eyes from their oblique study of her flushed and happy face.

"Unfortunately I like it very much," he said, in a low tone.

"Unfortunately?" she said lightly. But her voice was trembling.

"Norah, how did we ever happen to get away from each other?"

"I don't know."

Both their voices were lowered now, though there was no one to overhear, in all the deepening beauty of the orchard and the garden.

"I thought you had forgotten all about me, David."

"I never forgot about you. I was worried, and my father was raising hell with me, and I had to study like mad. And even while I was working I'd be—mentally telephoning to you. And then I'd think, 'No, she's downtown now,' or 'No, she's probably out at a movie.' Or I'd say to myself, 'I'll see her tomorrow, that's Sunday, and that'll be better than any telephoning.'"

After a while he said, "Did you care?"

"Not seeing you? Yes—I did for a while."

He was silent for a moment; then said:

"I am probably the rottenest human being in existence!"

"Oh, don't say that, David!" Norah objected mildly.

"No, I mean it. I really mean it. I get started at one thing and I'm *good*, and then I branch off—

"The old man gave me some terrible call-downs about it last spring. He got awfully soured on me. I can't seem, Norah," David went on, "I can't seem to concentrate except on one thing at a time—I'm *rotten*—"

She said he was not rotten at all, and could presently go on to say that last year had been horrid anyway, and that really was why she minded his not coming to see her any more; Elinor, her sister, had eloped for one thing, and Keith, her brother, and his Anne had been all over the place, and Mother had been ill. And then job-losing had begun, and altogether she had felt horrible all year—

THEY talked together, absorbed, ecstatic, completely happy in being united again; Norah's square, firm hand was tight in David's; their eyes but a few inches apart.

"I went out to your house—oh, it's months ago, and that cross-eyed janitor's wife told me you had all moved up into New Jersey. It sounded crazy!"

"We came up in January."

"But weren't you snowed in?"

"We actually were, for a few days—with no running water, and nothing but kerosene lamps! But after that it was all fun!"

"Norah, there's nobody like you!" David said.

He was a tall boy, with fair hair and light blue eyes that looked odd in his Indian-brown face. It was a nice face, lean and intelligent and pleasant. Norah liked everything about it—big nose, big jaw, high cheek bones—and everything about his big lean hands and rather lanky, loose-jointed person.

When he walked down to his car, she went with him, and Mrs. Oliver, enjoying the cooling air of the side yard, welcomed him affectionately, and asked him to dinner.

David could not stay, because he was his cousin's guest at the hotel and could not disappoint her. He went away, and Norah, going into the close, hot gloom of the house, stuffy after the airy out-of-doors, reflected that there was a certain dignity, a certain great advantage in being able to ask your friends to share a meal with you, without eternally estimating food. Even though supper tonight was only salad and berries and milk and cornbread, it was pleasant to know that there was plenty of it, and that a guest would not have given anyone a moment's worry or annoyance.

HER heart, her very soul, seemed glowing like the glowing garden tonight. The world was all magic; the sunset and the twilight, and that mingling of twilight and moonlight that sometimes turned the farm into fairyland. It would not be quite dusk tonight until eight, when the moon would rise, big and red and near, over the haycocks in the eastern meadow, and its silver light would meet the last shafts of the dimming glory of the west.

Norah ate her supper thoughtfully; she seemed to be smiling inside somehow. David was back in her life, eh?—And so delightfully back! No girl alive could have wished a prettier setting than the great trees and the blazing garden and the shadows up at the spring pool, and she had had Elinor's chiffon on too—and a shade hat. She had looked as well as she ever could look, and that was all one ever desired of life. And, obviously, it had been enough for David. Norah knew when a man was attracted, was eager, was stimulated by a girl's society, and when he was not. All girls knew; there was a feeling when it was all flat, disappointing and forced, and there was quite a different feeling of friendliness, easiness and confidence when it was right.

Clear, shadowless light lingered late in the garden tonight, and Norah and her mother talked on after little Barbara had finished her supper and had departed, scouting about among the garden bushes with all the stealthiness, the little pouncing rushes and fearful retreats of a high-spirited kitten.

"Right here at Morristown, is he?" Mrs. Oliver said. "Why, how pleasant!"

"He's at the Lake House this week with his cousins."

"And when do you see him again, dear?"

Norah smiled in the kindly dusk. For the first time in her acquaintance with him she had not felt the need of half-coaxing, half-reproaching David into the promise of another meeting. She did not know exactly when she would see him again; she merely knew that their meeting would positively occur—this time he would take care of that!

That night, when she went in to bed, she felt that she could have put her arms around the old house, laid her young face against its mellowed age and beauty. It was so kind to her; she loved it so! The spattered moonlight through motionless pear-tree branches, the glimmer of dim light that was the kitchen lamp, the bigness and graciousness of Foxaway were a part of herself; an extension of her own personality: she breathed in them and through them.

She was actually in bed, and had blown out her candle, before the thought of her possible obligations to Barry came to disturb the dream of David. Instantly uneasiness and misgiving seized upon her full force, and she leaped out of bed and went to her mother's door.

"Awake, Mother?"

"Yes, dear. What is it, Norah? I put out my lamp because the night is so close."

NORAH, a dim shape in the gloom, sat at the foot of the bed. Moonlight streamed in and lay in silver bars and angles on the floor. But the rest of the room was in darkness.

"Mother, I forgot to tell you! David said that the paper said this morning that one of the Ladysmith's lifeboats has been found."

"No! Not Mr. Dunsmuir, not Dr. Sassoon?"

"No. But others, seamen. And they said—these men they picked up—that Dr. Sassoon and Barry Dunsmuir, in still another boat, had been with them until a few weeks before, until a storm separated them. They said their rudder—or their compass, or something, had been destroyed—"

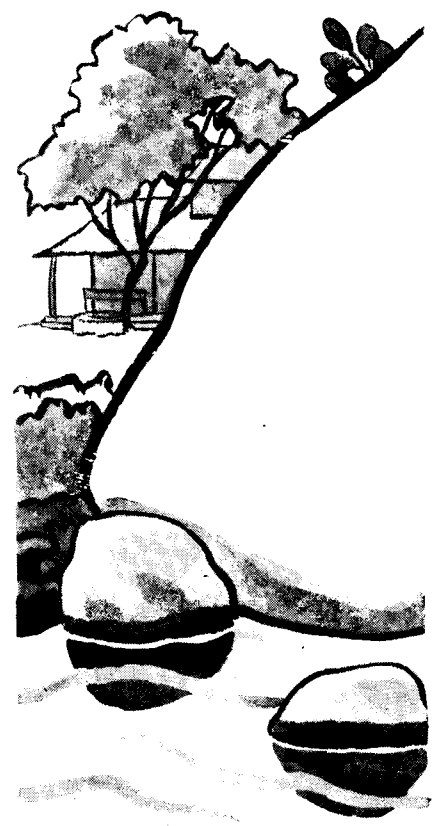
"Well, Norah, which was it? Compass or rudder? There's a difference."

Norah laughed apologetically.

"I know. But, at any rate, they said *something* was missing, or wrong, with the other boat, but they think—or David said they think—they think very probably they're alive and can be found. Anyway, the paper said the rescue ship was going to refit somewhere—Buenos Aires, or somewhere—and make another try."

"Well," said Mrs. Oliver, "I am very glad of anything that gives their families the slightest hope, and no one could be gladder than I to see Mr. Dunsmuir safely back. It was a crazy thing to do for a man who doesn't look strong—those eye-glasses—"

"Oh, he's strong enough, I imagine.



Illustrated by Mario Cooper

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I know Dr. Sassoon was crazy to have him."

"But what I was going to say was," the older woman pursued, "that in another way we have great reason to be thankful. While there is any hope of his return that aunt of his, Mrs. Dunsmuir, can't very well drive us out of his home. We can simply remain here; that's a *great* consideration."

"Yes, that's true, too," Norah agreed, as her mother's voice dwindled to silence. "And there are other considerations, my dear mother," she thought, "that would surprise you." "All we can do," she said aloud, "is wait."

"Now that you are better known here," her mother presently said, "I don't see why you and Eve can't have a little school. Mrs. Leonard was speaking about it the other day; she says there are quite a few families scattered about here in the various towns who would like to place their small children in a good school. And Mrs. Towne asked me about her mother—her mother wants to be near her—and yet it doesn't seem to work having her right in the house."

"We'd have to put a furnace in, Mother, and anything as radical as that, I think, would be silly, even if we could afford it. At any minute we may have to walk out."

"Well, I was just thinking, dear, that there must be *some* way to make use of a place like this—

"Unless my Norah," her mother added significantly, after a moment's silence, "is going to fall in love with someone, and leave me as Elinor did."

"On the strength of one call from Dave Howard, Mother! I'm ashamed of you."

Mrs. Oliver laughed gently, as if she were a little ashamed of herself. Presently she said, "I declare I do feel very grateful to your Mr. Dunsmuir, poor fellow."

"Grateful?"

"Oh, yes, Norah. But for him, we never would have had this experience, this wonderful summer!"

Norah sat on for a while, hugging her slim young knees, staring out at the world that was swimming in hazy autumn moonlight.

"Yes, that's true," she said at last.

And when, presently, she went back to her own bed, it was of Barry she thought, as she drifted off to sleep.

"Norah, how did we ever happen to get away from each other?"

A YEAR ago, maddeningly enough, it would have been simple heaven to have David ask her to go down to the city, and stay overnight as his mother's guest, and go to a smart musical show. It would have thrilled Norah Oliver of the Bronx to the roots of her being, to receive from David's aforementioned mother a charming letter, asking Miss Oliver, in a dashing hand, to accept the invitation. To Norah Oliver of Foxaway it meant something a little less, unfortunately; life would not stand at glad, confident morning again, where David was concerned, at least.

But, after all, she ruminated, packing her bag for the outing, if the girl doesn't care too much, the man does. That is the way of life and love. One party to every love affair cares more than the other—it was sad, it was too bad that both couldn't be in that trembling, jealous, anxious state that turned all the world upside down. But it was true.

Last year she had been the unhappy, the uncertain one. Now it almost seemed as if she and David had changed parts; she liked him, oh, she liked him immensely—he was the same handsome, careless, amusing boy he had always been: generous with his money; sure of himself; magnificent in every way.

But—well, there was Foxaway, now. Ridiculous as it sounded, Foxaway was tremendously important. Norah had hated her life in the city; she loved every minute of it here on the farm. She loved the crisp, cooling mornings of autumn, the thinned air and the glowing leaves; she loved breakfast warmth and comfort in the big kitchen, and the chill of the rooms where she and Barbara made beds after breakfast. She loved her books, her old square piano, her chickens, her garden; she loved the warm, grainy smell of the barns, the cows and the old horse. The days were too short for her; she grudged these lost two days down in the city; she wanted to see Barbara as the Fairy Queen in the school theatrical, and walk up to the "Widow Taft's" prosperous place to see Uncle Rodney in the new rôle of complacent groom.

DAVID and his car were waiting for her one bright morning; Norah kissed her mother and Barbara good-by, and they were off for New York. It was a happy trip, and it was delicious to reach the big Howard mansion at the end of it, and be welcomed at that very unfriendly door, outside of which she had wistfully lingered ten months ago. David's mother was majestically friendly, and David's father an old dear, gallant and kindly and obviously admiring of Norah. There was a handsome married sister, fretful about some "deal of poor fool Harold's," and there was an incoherent younger brother, all convulsive laughter and grim, conscious silences, and there were dinner guests. Norah liked it all, and thrilled especially to the din of the city again—had she ever been able to live in that? And was there any other place in the world as wonderful as Fifth Avenue, on a clear autumn morning, with every shop glittering, and the sidewalks filled with chattering thousands, and the steeples and skyscrapers vanishing against the swimming blue of a cloudless sky?

Norah bought herself a velvet dress

(Continued on page 40)

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Stunts don't Help

Al Williams has seen the world upside down more than any other living man. He was the first expert in inverted flight. He was the first to do an outside loop. But if you think that makes him a stunt flyer, you're wrong. Here he tells you why he is against all forms of stunting—including transocean flights

By Captain Al Williams as told to W. B. Courtney

Captain Al Williams, whose "aerobatics" have been mileposts in aviation's progress

THE time has come for those who have the best interests of aviation at heart, who want to see it begin to play its destined full part in our daily lives, to tear the last shreds of the veils of mystery and bunk from flyers and flying. Passenger air travel in the United States, and the splendid work of the Department of Commerce and of our responsible air lines, will, in every phase except engineering, make ten years' progress in ten days if we who fly will tell you who don't the whole truth about flying.

Unless you are an exception, you share two common public beliefs: First, that flyers are physical and emotional supermen; second, that stunts are necessary to the furtherance of aeronautics.

When I was learning to fly at Bay Shore, Long Island, in the early days of the war, my instructor took me up one day to practice vertical banks. This maneuver is the aeronautical equivalent of "turning on a dime." You tilt your plane toward the side on which you want to turn until the wings, instead of being parallel to the ground as in normal flight, are at right angles to it; at the same time you are pulling the nose around, and the horizon is going past your eyes at an incredible speed. Because your ship has partially reversed its position with relation to the ground, your controls are apparently crossed—your rudder becomes your elevator, and your elevator—the surface you normally use for making the ship go up or down—now steers, or turns, it.

I was fresh from the diamonds of big-league baseball, and had thought—until that moment—that I was a pretty good physical specimen. But I was completely befuddled and discouraged, and could scarcely tell where the horizon was; centrifugal force jammed me down in my seat; I was conscious of a feeling of depression, and my eyes were of little value. I am sure that it was only reasonable of me to conclude that my distress indicated something wrong with me—something that would make it impossible for me ever to learn to fly—especially since my companion, the instructor, was completely at ease throughout. After we had landed, I asked him if he had been able to tell where he was at all times during those steep banks and spirals. I will never forget the look he bestowed on me. He didn't have to use words, for I could read in his eyes a contemptuous "So this piece of common clay wants to learn how to fly!"

I was too uncertain of my flying to recognize that instructor's type then; but I saw through him later. He was one of the supermen aviators. My first doubts of these supermen took root when I succeeded in getting my wings. I remembered my early discouragements and fears. I might have been able to hoodwink laymen, but I couldn't fool myself; I knew that I was just normal, and that my period of learning had been obstructed and confused by man-made difficulties.

The Lowdown on "Inside Stuff"

If you possess normal faculties of hearing, of sight, of muscular balance, if you have sound health, mind and judgment, you can learn to fly well. The same qualities are possessed by the good baseball player, golfer, tennis player, horseman or ping-pong enthusiast. Nothing less—nothing more. Crack pilots are not born as crack pilots. There is no such thing as a "born" crack pilot, and there will not be until men come into the world with wings; and that, biologically, is a long way off.

You have often exclaimed, at a major-league baseball game, after a brilliant play: "There's a smart, trigger-minded player for you." Or, after you see a smart play, you say: "There's some of John McGraw's or Connie Mack's inside stuff for you." Stuff is right—and no one knows it better than John McGraw. I learned from him that nine out of ten of those master-mind ball players did all their thinking before the ball ever started their way. This fits aviation exactly; no matter what he tells you, the smart pilot does most of his thinking on the ground.

Here's what I mean. When I was learning to handle landplanes I made it a rule to do a daily chore of one hundred spot landings, using for a mark a newspaper which I weighted down by stones in the middle of the field. Before I attempted a single cross-country flight I could cut my motor at any reasonable altitude and land on or within a few feet of any predetermined spot. That was the investment in drudgery. I've had plenty of dividends. Once I was running a flight test on a new single-seater with the first of a new line of motors. I had just completed an Immelmann turn and was making a note on the pad strapped to my knee when I sensed a faint but strange grinding sound. I'm sure I never decided to cut the motor, because I did it too quickly. Just as quickly, and just as unconsciously, I turned for the field. When I landed I found that the propeller shaft had sheared off flush with the crankcase. Oil was streaming out. If I had not cut the motor and turned in automatically at the instant of the first warning—and while I know I did those things, I don't *remember* doing them—that propeller shaft would have let go at high speed; the motor would have been torn out, perhaps the ship would have disintegrated. This was before the days of parachutes and—anyhow, it wouldn't have been nice.

So much for the wholly imaginary "superman" qualifications of pilots. We come now to the stunt pilots. I have been called a stunt flyer; I resent the designation very much, but if it's from a layman I put the matter down to ignorance of a distinction which we in aviation make. Even among airmen a curious misnomer has crept in—aerobatics. "Aerobatics" is the word that is

(Continued on page 48)

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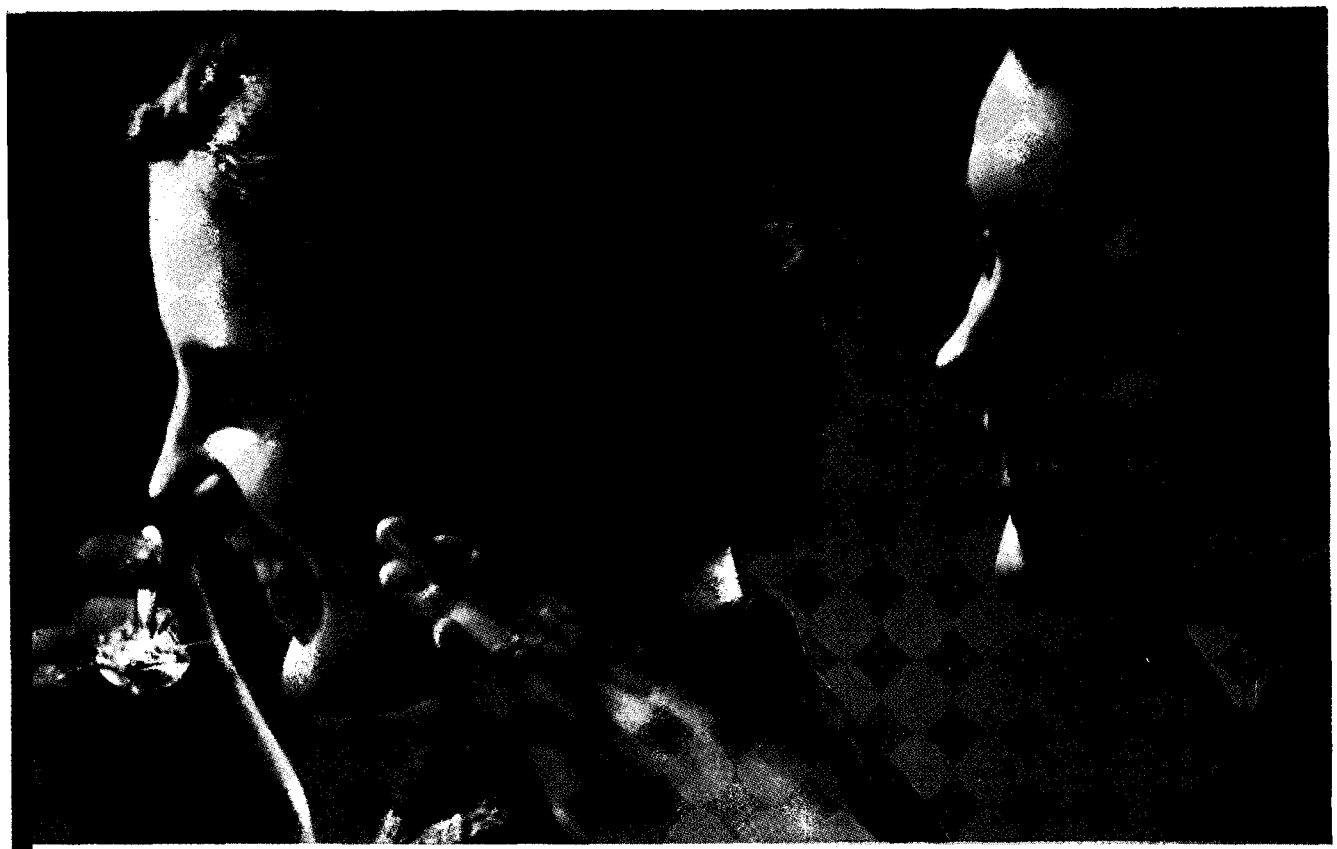
Pat Yourself on the back and say..

"From now on you're eating a sensible lunch"



"Clever Me,

taking my own good advice! Isn't hard to do, either . . . Always liked Shredded Wheat. Just never realized what a satisfying meal it makes. Two golden brown biscuits buried in fresh fruit . . . And I'm saving money, too!"

MILLIONS are keeping in trim with the help of Shredded Wheat. There's no better all-family food. Delicious. Easily digested. Generous in its energy elements. It's all the wheat, just the golden, sun-ripened grain—nothing added, nothing taken away. And just the right amount of bran, measured for you by Nature.

Shredded Wheat costs little. Twelve *full-size* biscuits in each package. And it's quickly served with fresh fruit, milk or cream . . . or in many other appetizing ways.

Listen to *yourself* and try this sensible, good-to-eat treat. At your grocer's . . . and on the menus of clubs, hotels, dining cars and restaurants everywhere.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

"Uneeda Bakers"

When you see Niagara Falls on the package, you KNOW *you have Shredded Wheat.*

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SHREDDED WHEAT

ALL THE WHEAT...ALL THE BRAN...THE NATURAL ENERGY FOOD

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Life Watch

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Robert Ormond Case

Illustrated by E. F. Ward

They held their candles aloft to examine the newly exposed face of the cut

DURING the twenty years that their partnership had gouged, bitten and slugged its way—verbally—over the High Sierra trails, Porcupine had never mentioned the watch or its unusual attributes. It was Rocky himself, when they had moved their belongings into the cabin on the abandoned claim, who broached the subject.

"That moon-faced gadget riles me," he stated with contempt, as Porcupine drew forth the treasured timepiece and hung it carefully on the wall. "Some of these days, just for percentage, I aim to disembowel the critter an' scatter its parts from here to yonder."

"That's no ordinary watch," said Porcupine, adopting the tolerant manner which he knew of old experience would enrage his waspish partner. "It's got a history. My grandfather claimed that when he come to die, it would stop. It done so, to the minnit. He'd claimed that if Paw would carry it for a year it would start again. It done so, likewise on the exact minnit. Paw carried it for seventeen years. When he died, it quit. A year later it started for me. It's been tickin' along industrious ever since. When it quits, I die."

"So?" sneered Rocky. "Now there's a half-witted sooperstition. An' what a break for society, ol' son, if you'd forget to wind the critter!"

"When I'm in danger," continued the big man placidly, "it runs faster an' faster, like a scairt heart beating. When I'm down an' out, ready to cash in—"

"That's a plenty," Rocky cut in. "The heat's ruined you. Nice night, ain't it?" Nevertheless, despite his summary dismissal of the subject, he eyed the vast timepiece askance.

The subject was not mentioned in the morning. The discussion—which took rank merely as one of thousands—was forgotten as they plunged forth to appraise the abandoned shaft.

"It's a Jonah hole," was Rocky's verdict. "Those timbers are rotten."

"They're sound," Porcupine voted. "They'll stand for three-four shots. Then we're on our way."

The "three-four" shots, according to the ways of hard-rock men, became ten, twelve, fifteen. Their projected stay of a week on the claim lengthened into three. Came the day, however, when they regretfully and profanely agreed that this specific shot, now being tamped down, must be the last.

It was late afternoon. The fumes had dissipated from the tunnel. Porcupine strode in, with Rocky at his heels, to see what the last shot had uncovered. They held their candles aloft to examine the newly exposed face of the cut. Then—

"Run! *Run!*" Rocky screamed. *"She's caving!"*

Even in his own extremity, with the world crumbling about him, he paused to look back. Thus he caught a picture that stayed with him always.

It was of Porcupine, entrapped. The big man was down, his leg pinned. Throwing himself back like a wounded animal, in a futile attempt to avoid falling débris, his candle grew dim as through a curtain. It flickered out, but not before Rocky saw him literally engulfed—blotted out—by countless rocks.

This much Rocky saw, in mid-stride and in a photographic instant. He paused to see no more. With darkness and thunderous death at his heels he ran. Behind him, timbers crashed.

There were forty men at Ophir Diggings, not far away. They fell upon the tomb like madmen. But at early dawn, the sound of labor ceased. The ten exhausted giants of the shift mounted slowly from the incline. They came empty-handed, upon their faces the look of men who have seen death.

THEY would not permit Rocky to enter the tunnel. They told him what they had found. A half-ton rock, moved aside, had disclosed the fallen one's foot. No use moving the rest. . . . Should they fill in the shaft? Porcupine had been a hard-rock man. No more suitable grave could be found—

"No, no," said Rocky. Meeting his gaze, men writhed in sympathy. "I'll fill her in. He was my pardner, wasn't he? Leave me be. You lads done well—"

For a bleak and terrific hour, after the sound of their departure had died in the canyon, Rocky sat on an adjacent boulder. Then he arose, and stumbled toward the cabin. Often before he had returned alone to prepare a hurried meal, leaving Porcupine in the shaft. Porcupine was there now, in the shaft; but whose voice would call him back, when the meal was ready?

He would not eat, after all, he decided. He seated himself upon his bunk and fumbled at his boots. Bent to this task, he kept his eyes fixed upon the floor, so that he would not see Porcupine's empty bunk. It was a weakling gesture, he knew. Just this once, he told himself, because his eyes were blurred.

He did not actually draw off his boots. It was quiet in the cabin; and through that quiet a tiny sound smote. It was all but imperceptible, rhythmic, unwavering. A thousand—ten thousand times—he had heard it before. In the stillness of the night. In the quiet hours. . . . He was hearing it now; and he held his breath as he listened.

It was Porcupine's watch, hanging on the wall. Porcupine was gone. That was known, accepted, final. *But the watch ticked on.*

He arose and approached nearer, his eyes glued upon the round, impassive face he had maligned so often. He tilted his head a little, his ear held close. Through the open door, his unwinking gaze was lifted to the barren slope, where the dark hole loomed.

The watch was ticking. Frail and tiny was the rhythmic cadence, like a faint heart beating. It seemed to slow a little as he listened, to lose force, as though it had labored too long, held out too long, against insuperable odds.

And suddenly, his breath exploding between his teeth Rocky was through the open door and away—running as he had never run in his youth and prime. As he ran, in his madness, his voice shattered the stillness of the slope: "I'm comin', Porcupine!" he bellowed. "I'm a-comin'! Hang on! *Hang on! . . .*"

The rest is history in the Sierras. Single-handed, with a huge crowbar, Rocky pried away the fragment from beneath which projected the pulpy mass that was the fallen one's foot. Porcupine still breathed. The fragment, with those beside it, having arched over chest and torso, formed a cavity which had missed becoming, by the narrowest of margins, a living tomb. His foot was gone. He had been dashed into insensibility by the first rain of débris.

BUT he still breathed—which was margin enough for one whose iron stamina was born of sun and storm.

Old-timers of Virginia City were wont to smile understandingly when two of the many Comstock capitalists would stroll forth on the teeming streets. One was huge, of gorilla-like physique even when long past his prime. Because of an artificial leg he walked stiffly, leaning on a cane. The other was small, wiry and waspish.

To the larger of these—whose waistcoat bulged with a vast watch of ancient vintage, supported by a heavy chain—old friends would shout: "How's the watch coming, Porcupine?"

But it would be Rocky who would make belligerent reply, like one whose faith, not superstition, was thus assailed: "She's runnin' strong."

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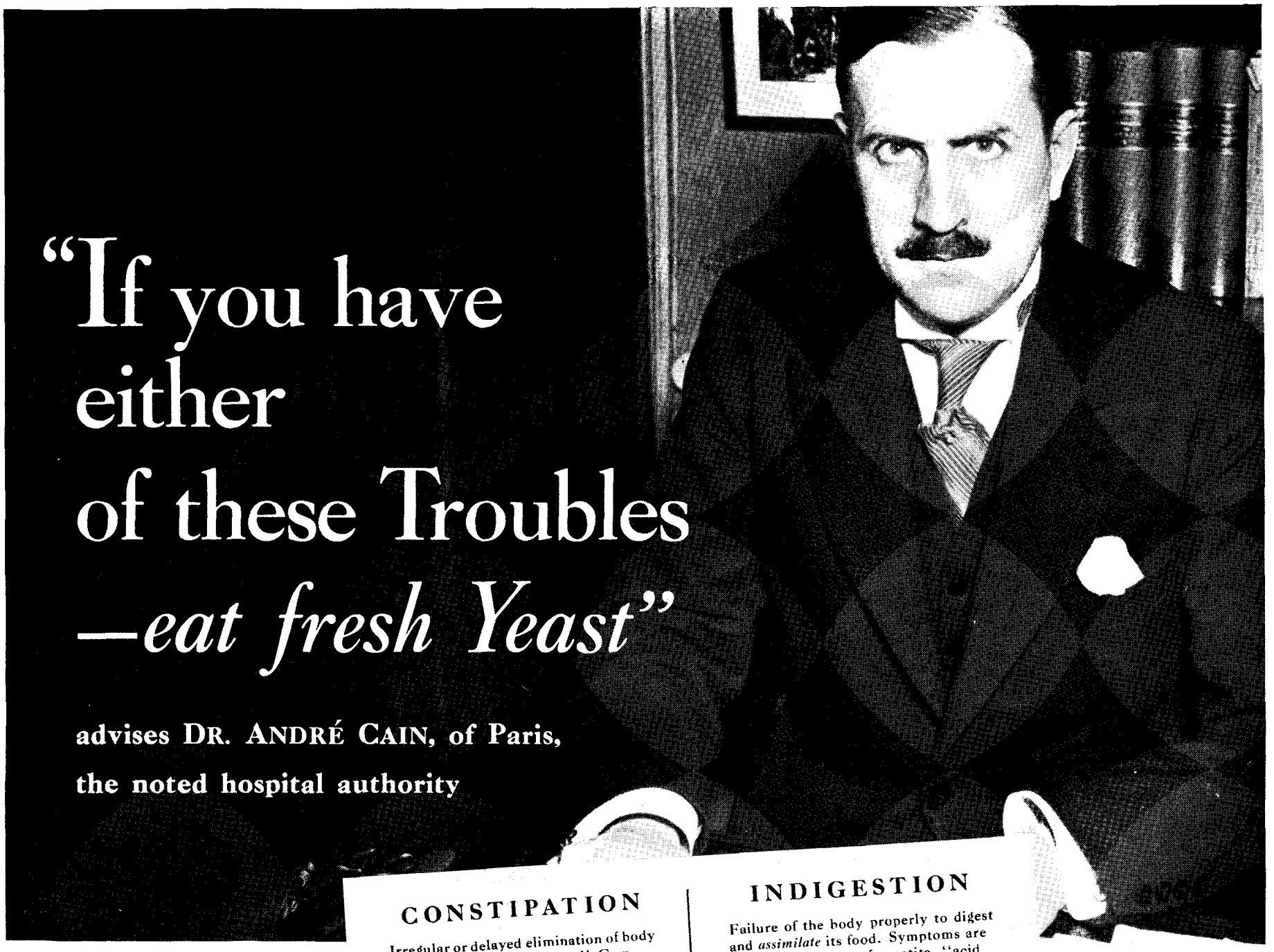

"If you have either of these Troubles —*eat fresh Yeast*"

advises DR. ANDRÉ CAIN, of Paris, the noted hospital authority

CONSTIPATION

Irregular or delayed elimination of body wastes; intestinal "fatigue." Common symptoms are bad breath, coated tongue, headaches, skin troubles, constant tiredness. Neglected, constipation may lead to hemorrhoids (piles), high blood pressure, etc.

INDIGESTION

Failure of the body properly to digest and *assimilate* its food. Symptoms are gas, belching, loss of appetite, "acid stomach," discomfort after meals, etc. Indigestion is usually a sign of a sluggish, unclean condition of the entire digestive and intestinal tract.

DR. ANDRÉ CAIN is Physician-in-Chief of the Hospice d'Ivry, famous Paris hospital. He is celebrated as the author of "Maladies de l'Intestin."

"IF you have constipation or indigestion, do not resort to violent laxatives. *I recommend yeast.*"

That is Dr. André Cain speaking —head of one of the largest hospitals in Europe! Dr. Cain is a member of very famous French medical societies and a recognized authority on disorders of the stomach and intestines. *He explains:—*

"Many people, not realizing the dangerous con-"sequences of constipation, mistakenly dose them-"selves with cathartics. Forced movements result "... and in time the intestinal muscles become so "exhausted they are incapable of normal action.

"Fresh yeast strengthens the 'tired' intestines. "It mixes with the waste matter, softening it so it "can pass out of the system gently. It increases "the flow of digestive juices.

"Clinical records show an amazing percentage "of cures with fresh yeast."

Eaten regularly, Fleischmann's Yeast actually corrects the *cause* of most constipation and indigestion . . . intestinal sluggishness. It supplies elements which gently "tone" and stimulate the entire digestive system.

And as stomach and intestines begin to function naturally, better health soon sets in.

Appetite responds. "Sourness" and "upset stomach" vanish. You have fewer headaches, colds.

All, remember, because your system has been "normalized" . . . because a simple, natural food is keeping you internally *clean!*

Won't *you* try Fleischmann's Yeast? It's very rich, you know, in three indispensable vitamins—B, G and D. And write for booklet. Dept. Y-EE-19, Standard Brands Inc., 691 Washington St., New York City.

DR. ENRIQUE CADENAS, of Madrid, the noted specialist in digestive disorders, says: "Fresh yeast stimulates improved digestion and increased appetite. It is an efficient regulator of the system."

Just eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—plain, or in water (a third of a glass). You can get it at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains.

"What doctors say is the truth"

"I'm a newspaper man," *writes* Edward R. Murphy, of *New York City*, "and if anything takes pep my job does. But I felt tired all the time, and began having indigestion. I wasn't really sick—just sort of half-well.

"I asked my brother, a doctor, about yeast. 'Try it by all means,' he advised. I did. After a very short time I began to feel better. My sluggishness and loggy feeling left . . . Now I can eat anything I like and haven't a trace of indigestion. What the doctors say is right!"

IMPORTANT Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It is yeast in its fresh, effective form—the kind famous doctors advise.

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HUPMOBILE • THE CAR OF THE CAREFUL INVESTOR

Hupmobile Eight (Series 222) 5 Passenger Victoria . . . $1360 (Standard Equipped) at the Factory

People are prone to look on the man who owns a Hupmobile as they do on the man who owns his own home. For Hupmobile has come to mean the badge of the careful investor. Of the man who searches for *all the values* in all things he buys. He sees the hidden values of finer engineering, closer inspection, and better materials. He sees Hupmobile giving him first-year performance for many years. He sees more trade-in value—and less need or desire for trading-in. He sees style so true that it cannot go "out-of-style." He buys, deliberately, and for the years. Actually he doesn't buy . . . he *invests!*

Hupmobile

SIXES AND EIGHTS $795 AND UP, *at the Factory*

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The Man who Grew Up

Continued from page 11

"Need a lawyer for killing a French-Canadian?" demanded Jim.

"Under the Constitution," began Bill Borah, "every man—"

"Oh, hell," protested Mr. Lusk.

"Look here, Jim Lusk," cried Lawyer Borah, "don't go talking like that. I won't have it. First you crack down on this citizen with that spanner and now you mock the Constitution. Shut up!"

Up until the close of the trial, things were going badly for Lawyer Borah and his client. The complainant had not died; in fact, he was in court—a prodigious man away over six feet tall and weighing more than two-fifty. Mr. Lusk was a mere stripling by comparison—five feet nine and one hundred and sixty pounds, facts that were to become very important before the jury retired.

Cash-and-Carry Court Practice

But the facts were very plain and the victim of Mr. Lusk's gallant wrath was demanding a lot of money for his injuries, enumerated at great length. Probably the most dismal of the man's hurts was that ever since that spanner met his skull he "was sick in his brain and could not remember nothing." On the witness stand the complainant bravely demonstrated his inability to remember; his memory served him only to the extent that he recalled readily that he had never said an unkind thing about any human being, least of all a lady.

Then came Lawyer Borah to cross-examine.

"Stand up," he roared; and the gigantic plaintiff arose.

"Stand beside him," said Lawyer Borah to his client, Mr. Lusk. And there they stood—David and Goliath, Gulliver and a Lilliputian.

"Now show us," said Bill Borah to Jim Lusk, "just how you would strike a giant high on the head with a wrench."

And he produced from his pocket a very small bicycle wrench which he thrust into Mr. Lusk's hand. Before Mr. Lusk could demonstrate, the huge French-Canadian bellowed:

"But that is not the wrench he hit me with."

"So?" cried Lawyer Borah. "Tell us about it."

"It was fourteen inches long. Many times have I seen it in Jim Lusk's—"

"But your memory, your memory," purred Lawyer Borah. "Remember your memory."

Smart? Yes, sir, Bill Borah was smart from the minute he got off that train in Boise. The jury turned Jim Lusk loose in three minutes.

The outwardly austere Borah that Washington knows isn't to be found in Idaho at all, except perhaps in certain worldly spots in Boise and among the professional politicians in Pocatello, Idaho Falls and Gooding, the home of Borah's colleague, Senator Thomas. You may tell them how their great man stole the show from Premier Laval and President Hoover when those two statesmen were conferring in Washington about such inconsequential matters as debt reductions, disarmament, French security and the like.

"Don't say! Borah did that, did he? What did he do?"

And then briefly you may tell them how, in the middle of the great conference, to which he hadn't been bidden, Senator Borah, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, called in the French newspaper reporters and told them that he favored cancellation of reparations and debts, that the Treaty of Versailles must be revised "either by treaty or by force" and that he, along with numerous millions of Americans, opposed a security pact.

"Well," comes the reply, "I ain't surprised. He probably had it all studied out and knew they couldn't catch him on the facts. Like the time he was defending George Helprin about George's dog. I don't just remember how it went, whether it was George got torn up or if it was George's dog. George's dead, anyhow, and the dog got shot by some feller back before prohibition. Anyway, before Mr. Borah was through there wasn't nothing the court and this state didn't know about dogs and I will say for Idaho that there was practically nothing we didn't know about dogs to start with, only Mr. Borah knew more."

Swiftly the tale carries William Edgar Borah out of that barren room over the brewery and into a suite of offices over a hardware store. His rapid, resourceful mind yanked him, almost overnight, from a cash-and-carry police court practice to attorneyships for the big timber cutters, the mine operators and the rich stock raisers.

He made no effort to ingratiate himself with the Republican party bosses, although a stanch Republican in his own fundamentals. One gathers that it seems never to have occurred to him to do more than to announce himself for an office and then await the result of the balloting.

Thus he was thoroughly beaten for city prosecutor. You are informed in Boise that it "taught him a danged good lesson, too."

"Never forget Bill Borah the night of that election. There he was, standing all alone on the corner in front of Hogan's, wondering how it happened. I don't know how many votes he got but if all the men who voted for him had been standing there with him he still wouldn't been hid. It taught him a lot about how men get licked."

There were a couple more defeats before 1907, when he was elected to the United States Senate. Once he ran for Congress, a Silver Republican, and was neatly trounced. He tried again—for the Senate this time—and was defeated by the legislature. The state's bosses weren't sure of him. Already he had made a couple of speeches wherein he had told his listeners that, while they might expect no millennium were direct primaries and popular elections of senators to come to Idaho, nevertheless no good whatever might be looked for in this autocratic rule of a few bosses and their millionaire owners. If the people themselves elected an incompetent they might, by the same process, recall him; but if the bosses misruled, about the only hope was that Heaven would intervene.

On the Courthouse Steps

It is not wholly clear how William E. Borah survived the mistrust of the Idaho bosses in 1907 and won his election; but one gathers that his clients—the wealthy industrialists of Idaho—did not share the fear of the politicians that their attorney would "shake hands with them damned Populists." Consequently the liberating word went down into political headquarters that "Idaho could afford to honor her most brilliant adopted son," and off he went to the Senate.

We shall remain in Idaho. The Borah we are interested in here is not Washington's at all, nor America's; but Idaho's. We shall stick by the courthouse steps in Boise and listen to the old-timers and set down the facts as they come from the old boys in Tendoy, Yellow Pine, Landmark and Murphy. Gaunt, hard-bitten sheepmen, prospectors, desert rats, miners, irrigation farmers, dry farmers with beards like national networks (Mormons probably) or faces so parched that you wouldn't find an ounce of meat beneath the skin.

Lord, mister, the legislature had hardly elected Bill Borah before some of the boys felt so bad about it that they bolted the organization and went Populist themselves—sort of. Goodness knows what happened but the first thing you know—before Borah even set a foot outside of Boise or even got his grip packed (he had a new one now) they managed to get him indicted on a charge of cheating the government.

That's the way with politicians, mister: while everything's going fine with them they seem to have right good sense, because nothing happens to prove it one way or another. But let things go against them, and you're apt to find out something that you've kinda suspected all along.

The Drinks Were on Bill

What had happened about that indictment was this: Bill Borah had been attorney for the Barber Lumber Company, now a unit of the great Weyerhaeuser Timber Company. He had also been a director or an incorporator or something like that—perhaps both. At any rate, there had been some difference of opinion about boundaries and areas within which the Barber Company had a right to cut timber. Trees had, therefore, been taken from the public domain. However it was, Bill Borah's enemies claimed that he was to blame, which was another way of saying that Bill Borah was a crook.

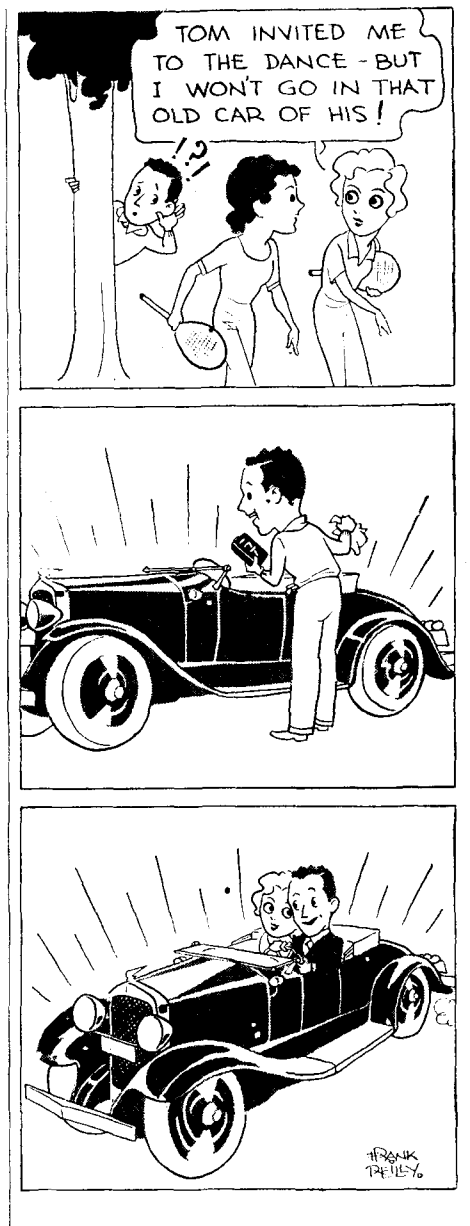
And mister, while I don't hold with Bill Borah in all things, anybody who says he's a crook or ever was one is worse 'n a crook: he's a fool. Bill Borah's awful headstrong and you can't tell him much; but if he was a crook he wouldn't be the poor man he is today. No, sir, it's like I say: the politicians are apt to prove how dumb they can get if you give them a chance.

Of course, the jury turned Bill loose, but the best part of the story is what followed that night. Maybe it was Jim Lusk, and maybe it was one of the other fellers, but anyway he got out the fire department and the band. Mister, there was all hell to pay in Boise that night. The fire bells were ringing and the fire companies were laying out on each other and the band was playing until the leader wanted to know who was going to pay for it and was told to shut up with a baseball bat.

Bill Borah told Jim Lusk that he didn't want nobody to pay for anything to drink that night, mister. Yes, sir, every bar in town was free that night except one, and that one was the hangout of Bill's enemies. Wasn't nobody in there that night.

Now, during all this, the mind of Borah—always magisterial, forever bucking party tides—was examining all the random elements of an age of political revolt. It gulped voraciously and expelled without shame or apology. He was surrounded by symptoms: Roosevelt was ascendent; LaFollette was a fixture; Bryan was up over the horizon gilding old formulas; Peffer and Weaver, the Kansas Populists, had got

(Continued on page 30)



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(*Continued from page 29*)

up earlier than the farmer and had organized him in his own barnyard.

In Idaho there is no discussion of the details of Borah's senatorial index. That he would recognize Russia opens no pores in Idaho. What of it, mister? Idaho would evaluate him the same, no matter what happened to Russia.

Thus Idaho clings to Borah rather than he to Idaho. He is the state's unblushing pride, its most vehement boast.

Nevertheless, you don't find any raging enthusiasm on tap for William Edgar Borah. He's a mentality, an intellect; not a hot number. There was that day when a promise made it necessary for him to speak in a strangled village in the woebegone heart of the dry-farming sector. With no noticeable grace, Mr. Borah got out of the motor car in front of the general store. He got out all alone. The two women who had driven him out from Boise assured him they would call for him in the evening.

"But," he protested, "aren't you stopping to hear me speak?"

"Good Lord, no, Senator; we're going hunting."

Senator Borah, black of hat, grim-faced, somber and sweltering in black clothes and hard shirt, stood in the heavy alkali dust surveying four half-overalled citizens who stood diffident and embarrassed in the store door. In a moment he joined them, shook hands, accepted a poisonous cigar. And presently twelve or fifteen residents had gathered, all silent as if in some awful presence which might at any moment vanish in a clap of thunder or, taking a pick handle, strike a near-by rock, causing water to gush therefrom and the vicious sagebrush to bloom like the Portland rose.

He spoke to them later in clear, earthy beatitudes, earnestly enjoining them to vote for principles, not men nor parties, warning them against the surrender of their franchise rights to the bosses but to fight for the popular primaries and insist upon doing their own electing. And so on.

Shyly, when he had finished—this St. Paul among the lowly, spirit-starved Ephesians—they applauded with their hands, restrained, as though not quite sure it was the way to do. And then, to break the ice, the deputy sheriff who had introduced the great man stepped right up to do the exit honors.

"Senator, sir," he said in a good strong voice and never a quaver, "this here community sure does appreciate you coming out here today and thanks you and wants to know can you stay for supper, sir, which you probably won't, but there's no harm in asking. Now what time would you be having supper in Washington?—because we want you to feel at home in our little town, sir."

The Lone Wolf

Gently he explained that he had an engagement for supper in Boise. Slowly the audience passed out before him, the men lifting their hats. But no more applause, no rousing send-off. There stood Senator Borah, chairman of the great and mysterious Foreign Relations Committee, the baiter of Presidents, the critic of emperors—there he stood in the road again, instep-deep in alkali silt, waiting for the ladies to pick him up and carry him to Boise. And in the store door stood the four men, silent, munching, half-a-grin.

You may read the Boise telephone directory until you're blind and never find the name of Borah. It isn't there. Private phone? Unlisted number? Not at all. There is no telephone. No telephone, because there isn't any Borah home or house. When infrequently he returns to Boise he stops at an old hotel. Mrs. Borah is there more than he. There are no children. I asked whether the senator owned any real estate in Idaho—building, ranch, farm, mine. Nobody seemed to know. The general impression was that he owned a few acres somewhere—or did once. But they weren't sure.

Not that it matters. The lone wolf in this as in other things. There's no home-town ballyhoo for Borah. No brass bands precede him into meetings, or greet him when he gets there. The Republican organization in Idaho doesn't concern itself about blowing the trumpets for Borah. The organization dislikes him as much as it fears him. And why not? Hasn't he flouted it, snubbed it, inveighed against it, scorned it?

Frequently when speaking in Idaho from the same platform and on the same night the other candidates on the Republican ticket have appeared, he has pointedly refused to mention their names or ask support for them as a whole.

From the beginning he disdained to conform. There have been times, of course, when he bent a bit. At the moment the disillusioned regulars are snickering softly because he has signified his intention of lending aid and comfort to the campaign of his Idaho colleague, Senator Thomas.

One-Man Party

Senator Thomas has served his state with enthusiasm. He is popular, not as Borah is but as a politician who works hard for his neighbors. But, except that they represent the same state, there is little in common between the two men. Senator Thomas has plenty of native political sagacity but none of Mr. Borah's profundity.

"You see, mister," one of the courthouse volunteers assured me, "it ain't John Thomas that Bill's so all-fired anxious about; it's Bill himself."

"What has Senator Borah to fear?"

"Well, I don't suppose anything's closer to Bill than that chairmanship of the Foreign Relations Committee is. That there place is Bill's liver and lights. Bill's got a feeling that we're going to elect a Democrat President and, while he don't love Herbert Hoover any, he ain't anxious for a Democratic landslide to take the Senate with it. If it did, where's Bill's job as chairman?"

His snorting contempt for party regularity seems to have the complete approval of at least two thirds of the voters of Idaho. Occasionally, if they're feeling particularly spry or if the party bosses have irritated them overmuch, they give him more than three quarters of the registered vote. They may observe party lines for other men and measures, but, in Idaho, Borah is a party all by himself.

And the regulars, the Republican organization, have to like it. He would ruin them in an open fight, pulverize them. Not that they haven't given thought to disciplining him. In 1924, for example, the stage was all set for the Borah exit.

The organization had captured the state so completely that a solid—or almost solid—Republican legislature made so bold as to abolish Borah's pet, the open popular primary law. The legislature has restored that law since: Bill Borah made them. And all he had to do was give them a mean look and a nasty hint.

A Conspiracy Foiled

But in 1924 when Borah was up for renomination, the organization was rolling up its sleeves and spitting on its hands. Once and for all, this was to be the end of this Borah nonsense. Not a word was to be spoken. A heavy black secret. The convention was to convene, adopt a mail-order platform and, coats on and hats in hand, decline to nominate William Edgar Borah. Another and more manageable gentleman would be named. And then they could run for cover. The deed would have been done.

Just before that convention convened, the delegates were called in, by twos and threes, and told to forget it. Somebody had been talking. The secret was out. Somebody had spread the alarm and with awful cries of rage the common folks of Idaho were bearing down upon their representatives in that convention and threatening them with everything up to and including lynching if the Idol of Idaho should be caused so much as a moment of pain.

So the plotters were called to order and like nice little delegates they nominated William Edgar Borah. Not unanimously. No, there was just one vote against him. Just one delegate whose motto was, "The hell with them."

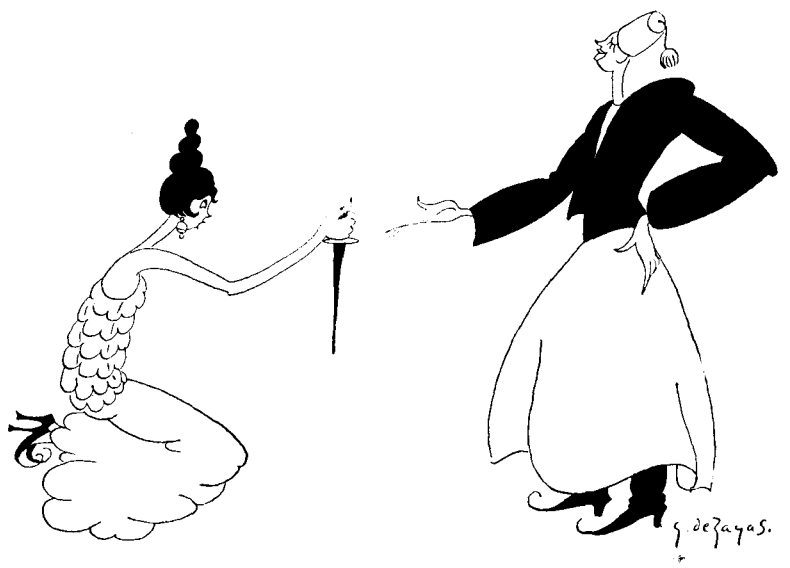
When Borah runs in Idaho, hundreds, sometimes thousands, of ballots are dropped into the box with just one mark on them—an approving cross beside the name of Borah.

You could stand there all day, at the courthouse, at the post office, at the state capitol, on street corners, in front of stores, and hear it.

"Of course you've heard that they used to call Mr. Borah a Red, a wobbly, a wild socialist," I suggested to Mr. Ben Firkins of Idaho County.

"Bill Borah a Red?" replied Mr. Firkins. "Yep, I guess that's so. He's just about as bad that way as a feller who's been in Congress from my home state—where I was born anyway. A feller named Smoot—Reed Smoot. Ever heard of him? Now there's a feller for you. Listen: Reed Smoot—"

But there had to be an end to it sometime. So I eased off down the street.



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

In Syria every Druse bride presents her husband with a dagger which is to be used upon her if she proves unfaithful. In Java every wealthy man has a theater in his home and takes part in the plays presented in it, and in Cambodia every monk must cover his face in the presence of a woman.

In many countries throughout the world graves and crypts still are rented by the year. If payments are discontinued the caskets are removed and the space relet.

England has a unique organization called the "Voluntary Official Aunts," whose members, without compensation, gladly spend an afternoon or evening looking after children or invalids, so that relatives who are otherwise obliged to stay at home may leave their cares for a few hours' recreation.

The palm provides man with more useful articles than any other kind of tree. It furnishes food, clothing, timber, fuel, fiber, paper, starch, sugar, oil, wax, wine, tannic acid, dyeing materials and a number of other products.

Out of every 100 words in the English language, 60 are of Teutonic origin, 30 are of Greek or Latin origin, and the remaining 10 are from various other sources.

If the average temperature of the British Isles decreased only seven degrees Fahrenheit, Great Britain would soon become, as it once was, a land of snow and ice.

Today's college students—who, as mere children when prohibition went into effect, "were never going to know anything about liquor"—now have 103 slang words and phrases for intoxication.

The most remarkable echo known today is created by the "Eagle's Nest" in the mountains surrounding the Lakes of Killarney, Ireland. It will repeat a bugle note at least 100 times.

A pack of playing cards does not always consist of 52 units. They range in number from 120 in a Hindustani deck to 32 in a Chinese deck. Incidentally, the Spanish packs have never contained a queen.

Despite the educational progress made in numerous countries during recent years, there are still more than 500,000,000 illiterates—persons over 10 years of age who cannot read or write—throughout the world today.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. *Contributions must be accompanied* by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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of the visitor, the last person in the world he had imagined would come to Scotland Yard, although he had foreseen this eventuality. Ferraby had duly reported the little talk he had had with the master of Mark's Priory, and the inspector had formed a pretty shrewd idea as to the position which the unhappy young man occupied in that establishment. Sooner or later friction must come, and somebody would have a story to tell. Was that somebody Lord Lebanon?

"I don't know very much about Scotland Yard. It's a sort of prison, isn't it?"

Totty smiled indulgently.

"But I had to come. I told Mr. Ferraby I might. I made up my mind last evening."

A thought struck Tanner.

"Are you used to people listening at your doors, Lord Lebanon, or have you any special reason for expecting that to happen here?"

The young man hesitated. It was an awkward position, and an extremely awkward question.

"Well—yes. It is not an unusual experience, and I think it is possible that it may happen here. By the way, is Mr. Ferraby a detective?"

Bill nodded.

"I thought he was a gentleman," said his lordship naïvely, and Mr. Totty was preparing to make extravagant claims for the gentility of Scotland Yard, but Tanner's scowl stopped him.

"I'LL be perfectly frank with you, Lord Lebanon," he said quietly. "In spite of what you told Ferraby, I did not expect to see you here. But now that you are here—if I may be allowed to continue in the same vein of frankness—I hope you will be able to tell me something that will clear up one or two little mysteries which puzzle me. You understand, I've no right whatever to ask you questions, but since you have volunteered to call I hope you will help me, because I don't know anybody who is better able to assist me in this very difficult task."

He was determined that the visit should not fritter out into a social call.

"There are quite a number of people at Mark's Priory who are under suspicion," he went on. "They include—" He hesitated, not inartistically.

"My mother?" said the young man quietly.

That was a good beginning. Tanner nodded.

"In a sense. I think she must know a great deal more than she has ever told us. But I'm thinking more particularly of another visitor—Dr. Amersham."

Lord Lebanon smiled grimly.

"He's a mystery man to me, and I don't wonder at his being even more of a mystery man to you," he said. "So far as my mother is concerned—" He paused, evidently seeking some formula to describe her position. He must have failed, for he went on: "You had better know at any rate as much as I know," he said. "I will tell you from the beginning everything there is to be told about Amersham—at least, every fact that I have concerning him.

"I shall be perfectly frank and tell you that I detest Amersham. It is impossible that I should speak without prejudice, because I dislike him so much that I find it difficult even to be fair."

He sat down, seemed at a loss as to how he should begin, and, speaking slowly and evidently searching at first for words which would not too deeply compromise the actors in this curious drama, he began:

"I suppose I'd better begin with my own school days. I was never very strong, and I spent only two years at Eton, and after that I had a tutor and a private coach. My father, as you

The Frightened Lady

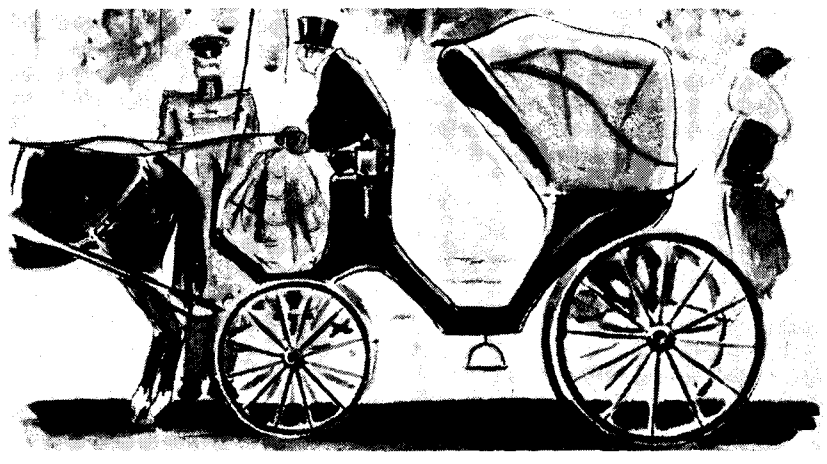
Continued from page 20

probably know, was an invalid, and a —what is the word?—recluse. He spent all his life, except one winter when he went to the South of France, which he hated, at Mark's Priory, and I saw very little of him even when I was home on my holidays.

"I may say that between us there were none of the affectionate relationships which exist between father and son. I had a great respect for him and was in considerable awe of him, but that is all.

"MARK'S PRIORY has always been to me a terribly dull place, and even when I was a boy I hated coming back there. You see, Mr. Tanner, I haven't the same pride of family that my mother has and my father had. To them every stone of the Priory was sacred, and the traditions of the family more important than Holy Writ.

"After I left school I spent most of my time with my tutor in Switzerland, the South of France, Germany, and oc-



"I got stuck behind a beer truck this mornin' an' Mrs. Oakley had another of her faintin' spells" *Paul Webb*

casionally at one or two English seaside places like Torquay. My father had been in the army—in fact, the family have always had a representative in a cavalry regiment—and I managed to get into Sandhurst and pass out, I won't say with distinction, but without being an absolute duffer.

"Up till then I had only seen Amersham half a dozen times. He used to come regularly to the Priory, as my father's medical attendant. I knew that he had been in India for some years, but I didn't know then that he had left the army under peculiar circumstances.

"I never liked him. My earliest recollections of him were that he was rather sycophantic to both my mother and myself. Then, gradually, a change came over him, and he adopted a domineering manner, and began to interfere in all sorts of matters which didn't concern him.

"My regiment left for India very soon after I joined it, and I was glad to get away. My father was desperately ill, but, as I say, I hardly knew him. I suppose it was very undutiful of me, but I really never worried much about him. When I heard of his death I was naturally sorry for Mother's sake, but I can't say that I grieved—I'm being perfectly truthful, and I don't want you to think I am any better than I am.

"I was in India when this happened, having a fairly good time. There was plenty of shooting, and if the society was a little boring it was endurable. The only unpleasant thing that happened to me was that accidentally I shot one of my bearers when I was out shooting—he got in the line of fire when I was shooting a tiger.

"Things might have gone on quite normally, because there was no need for my returning to England; my mother, a very able woman, could deal with my father's estate, and all the documents I had to sign were sent out to me. I might have finished my full term in India, but I got a bad attack of fever, which happened just after the shooting I told you about, and I was ill for I don't know how long. It must have been fairly serious, because Mother sent Amersham out to bring me back.

"I hadn't been brought into contact with him very long before I realized the kind of man I was up against. There was something odd about Amersham, and what made me suspicious was the furtive way he behaved. He saw nobody, hardly left the bungalow, and I was surprised to find that on the voyage out he had grown a beard. There had been some sort of gossip about him, but I hadn't paid much attention to it. I didn't know then—but I knew before I left India—about the Eurasian girl—I'll tell you about that later.

"I came home to England and found a state of affairs that was truly astonishing. Amersham was practically the master of Mark's Priory, and these two American footmen were installed. Now, the curious thing is I had seen these footmen before. They had been in either Amersham's or Mother's service before I went to Sandhurst. But they had never seemed so conspicuous or so evident as they were on my return.

"MOTHER had hardly changed, but I found a newcomer at the Priory—Isla. That is the young lady you have met. She's the daughter of a cousin of Mother's—very charming, very quiet and rather clever. She acts as Mother's secretary, but she is something more than that. My mother is very fond of her. In fact"—Lord Lebanon hesitated—"I'm going to marry her. I have no particular desire to marry her, or to marry anybody, but that is my mother's idea.

"I found a curious tension in the house. Amersham, as I say, dominated the place; the two footmen seemed quite independent of anybody's authority. They were impertinent, though never to me; they did as they pleased, and they were so incompetent that any boy I could pick out of my stables would have known more about their work than they did.

"I began to realize there was something wrong at the Priory, some secret that everybody was hiding, but I never dreamed that my return was embarrassing for them until I discovered that I was never free of their observation.

"Apparently my illness and the necessity for bringing me home upset all their plans—what they were I don't know. It seemed to me that they were scared to death that accidentally I would come upon the thing they were trying to hide, and even my mother shared their anxiety. It was puzzling, and, I confess, a little frightening, but I got used to it after a while.

"The first shock I had was when I discharged Gilder for his incompetence, and discovered at the end of the week that he was still at Mark's Priory. I was furious about it, called my mother and insisted that the man should go."

He laughed softly.

"I might as well have insisted that Mark's Priory should be razed to the ground! After two attempts of this kind I accepted the situation. They were my servants, I paid them, but I had no command over them.

"Really, they were not very difficult to cope with, and in many ways they are quite nice fellows, and sometimes rather amusing. Amersham is a different proposition. Here is a man who does not disguise the fact that he is boss of my house. He has plenty of money, a car, race horses—but you probably know this. Now, if Gilder and Brooks, the footmen, are not polite to anybody else, they are very respectful to him. He treats them as equals, and although I know my mother hates that sort of thing, she does not complain and has never interfered.

"THE man Amersham hated worst of all was Studd, my chauffeur, the poor fellow who was killed. They hardly ever met without snapping at one another, and I think he would have had Studd sacked but for his death. I don't know what he had against him—whether Studd knew something—but whatever it was, it was sufficient to make Dr. Amersham his enemy. Studd, by the way, was an old soldier and had been in India.

"As I say, almost the first news my mother gave me on my return was that she wanted me to marry Isla. I've got to marry somebody, I suppose, and it really doesn't matter whom, but one would at least like to make one's own choice! As you know, she is a very charming lady, and was quite a normal individual—until the death of Studd."

Inspector Tanner sat upright in his chair.

"Until the death of Studd?" he repeated slowly. "Then what happened?"

"She changed. From that day on she became—frightened! 'Terrified' would be a better word. She jumps if you speak to her unexpectedly, and all the time she gives you the feeling that she is expecting something ugly to appear. And she walks in her sleep!

"I'd heard of people walking in their sleep, but I never saw one till I saw Isla. I was sitting in the hall, taking a whisky-and-soda before going to bed, and I heard somebody coming down the stairs. She was in her nightdress, and wore nothing else, and I wondered what on earth was the matter, and spoke to her. It gave me the creeps—I don't know whether you have ever seen anybody walking in his sleep—it's weird! As I say, I spoke to her. She made no reply, but came into the hall, searched round as though she were looking for something, and then, just as slowly, went up the stairs. I got close to her and saw her face. Her eyes were wide open, and she was talking in a low tone to herself. What she said, heaven knows. I couldn't distinguish a word.

(Continued on page 34)

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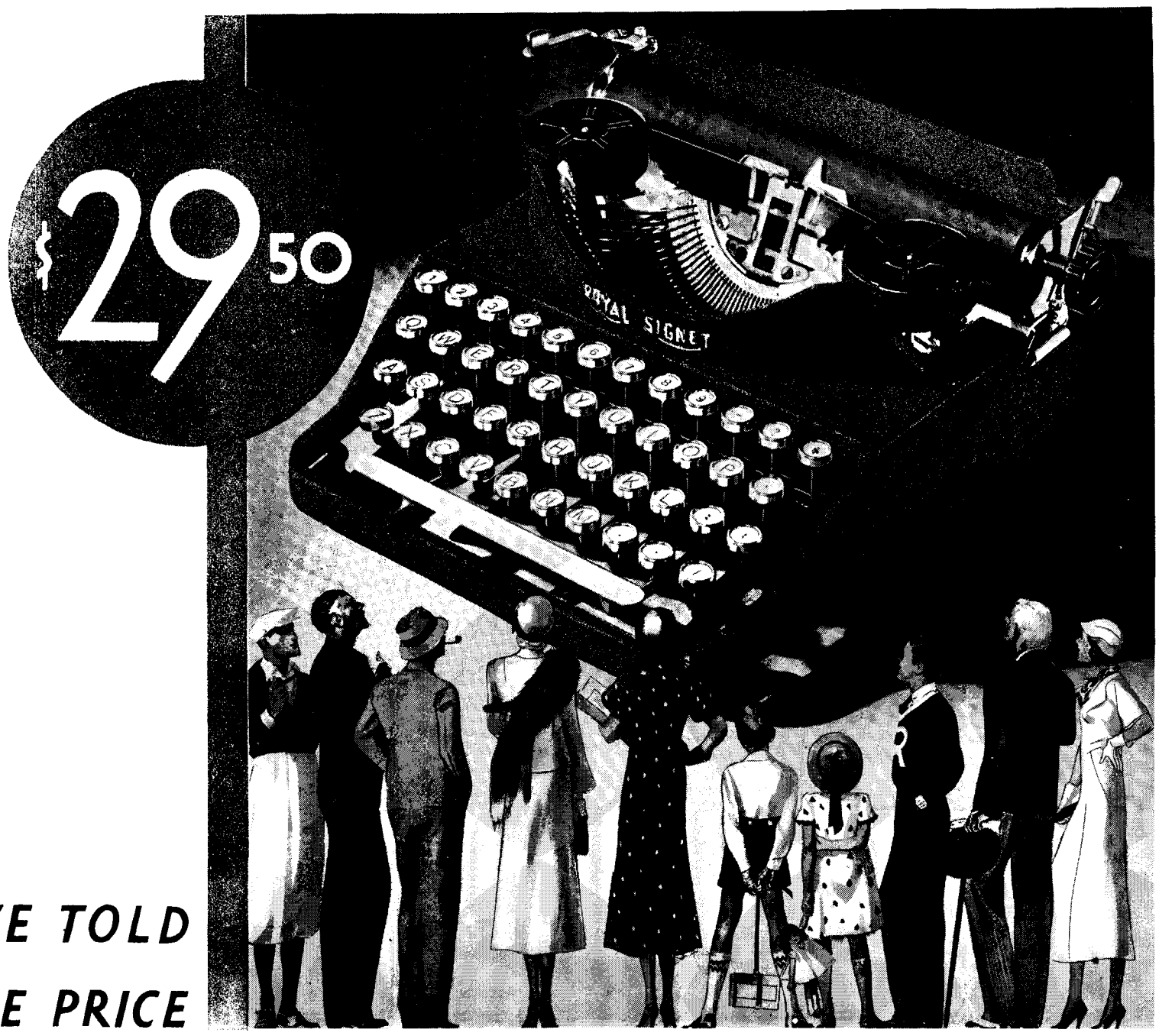

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The Frightened Lady

Continued from page 32

"That has happened twice to my knowledge. I knew it was dangerous to wake her, and on the first occasion went and found my mother. The second time Mother saw her herself and took her back to her room. Mother was awfully upset about it in her way—which is not particularly demonstrative. Honestly, I don't remember my mother ever kissing me in my life!"

"Walks in her sleep, eh?" said Tanner thoughtfully. "Does Amersham know?"

Lord Lebanon nodded.

"Of course he knows," he said bitterly. "There's nothing that happens in the house that he doesn't know. He had a draught made up for her, but I don't know whether she took it."

"She's frightened, you say? Of what?"

"Of everything! If a bit of paneling cracks she jumps out of her seat. She will not go out at night; she locks her room—she's about the only person in the house who does. In fact—she's frightened."

Bill thought for a time. Here was an aspect of the case which made it just a little more complicated.

"You were talking about a Eurasian girl in connection with Dr. Amersham earlier in your narrative. What happened in connection with her?"

Lord Lebanon nodded.

"She was a very beautiful girl. I think you ought to know about this. It happened after he came out to bring me home. The girl was found in his bungalow—strangled!"

TANNER sprang to his feet.

"What!" he said incredulously.

He could only stare at the visitor. If this were true, then the mystery of Mark's Priory was a mystery no longer.

"Are you sure?"

Lebanon nodded. There was a smile of triumph on his face. Apparently he was young enough to get a "kick" out of making a sensation.

"It's a fact. A really lovely girl—not of the best class, although her people had plenty of money. She was found strangled on the stoop of the bungalow where he was living alone. There was a terrible fuss about it, but they couldn't bring it home to him, though there were signs of struggle in his room. The newspapers said it must have been a native who had a grudge against the girl, but a piece of red cloth was found round her neck exactly the same as was found round Studd's."

"I didn't know of this," said Tanner, after he had recovered from his amazement. "Does your mother know?"

Lord Lebanon hesitated.

"I'm not sure. It is so difficult to find out what she knows. I hope she doesn't. Now, Mr. Tanner, I want you to advise me. What am I to do? I suppose you'll tell me that it's quite easy for me to forbid Amersham the house, and, legally, I suppose that's right. But my mother is so domineering it's almost impossible that my instructions would be carried out. Will you come down to Mark's Priory as my guest for a week-end?"

Tanner smiled.

"What would her ladyship say to that?" he asked, and the young man's face fell.

"I don't quite know," he admitted with a grimace. "No, that might be very awkward."

"May I suggest," said Bill, "that you yourself take a holiday? There is nothing to prevent your going abroad for a few years."

Lord Lebanon smiled again.

"That seems an obvious solution, doesn't it? But when you say that there is nothing to prevent me you are overlooking such important facts as my mother, for example, and Amersham. Not that Amersham's opinion would matter twopence, but I couldn't go against my mother's wishes. I have already suggested that I should go to America and buy a ranch and see the second heir to my property."

He chuckled at this.

"Who is the heir?"

"Oddly enough, he's a person who lives in America, and is, I believe, a waiter or something. No, no, I was joking. There is no likelihood of my meeting him—the first heir, or heiress, by the way, is Isla! I didn't know this until the other day, when my mother told me."

HE GOT up from his chair and came over to the table. He was not smiling now; rather was there an expression in his face that moved Tanner to pity.

"Mr. Tanner, I am a weakling. There must be hundreds of thousands of us in the world—I should say the majority of us. All the strong, silent men of the world seem to be in Scotland Yard!"

"Anybody here wit a monocle?" *Raymond Thayer*

He raised a smile at this, but went on:

"I cannot oppose my will to my mother's. I am entirely and completely in her hands, and, to be absolutely honest, I haven't the energy to make a fight."

He spun round suddenly.

"There's somebody at that door," he said in a low voice.

"My dear Lord Lebanon," began Bill, amused, "I assure you—"

"Do you mind looking?"

"Open the door, Totty."

Totty opened the door and nearly jumped. A man was standing outside, his head bent in a listening attitude. It was Gilder, the footman.

"Excuse me, gentlemen." He walked carelessly into the room. "His lordship went away without his cigarette case, so I brought it up to him."

"Why were you listening at that door?" demanded Bill sternly.

"Say! I wasn't listening. I didn't know exactly which room you were in, Mr. Tanner, and I had to be sure if I could recognize his lordship's voice before I knocked."

"Who told you to come up?"

"The policeman at the door, I guess," said Gilder, who was in no measure embarrassed.

He took a cigarette case from his pocket and handed it to his lordship. Then, with a friendly wave of his hand, he went out of the room. Bill watched him half through the door and made a signal to Totty.

"Follow him and see where he goes."

"I wasn't so foolish after all," nodded Lebanon. "I thought I'd got away from Mark's Priory this morning without anybody knowing, but Gilder is a difficult man to slip."

"How long has this spying been going on?"

"Ever since I came back from India. Possibly before I went away, but I didn't notice it. But that is the sort of thing I've had to contend against since I have been back."

"Does your mother know?"

His lordship shrugged.

"It is very unlikely that she doesn't," he said. "Certainly Amersham knows."

"Where is Amersham now?"

"He was at Mark's Priory last night, but he came back to town. Mother mentioned the fact at breakfast, otherwise I should not have known that he was there at all."

Bill went back to his desk, took out a sheet of paper and scribbled a note.

"Can you give me the date of the girl's death?"

"Come down to Mark's Priory; I've all the facts there, and you can see my diary."

Lord Lebanon took up his hat and stick.

"You can tell Amersham that I told you, but I'd rather you didn't, because it is bound to make for unpleasantness at home. Come down for a week-end and I'll tell you something that's even more interesting. Do you know Peterfield? It's a little village in Berkshire."

Tanner looked at him sharply. That certainly was a question which he did not expect.

So Lord Lebanon was not quite such a fool, and he knew his mother's secret, too. And probably knew what was still a mystery to Tanner—all that lay behind the Peterfield adventure.

HE WALKED down to the entrance of Scotland Yard with his visitor, and on his way back Totty overtook him.

"I left him on the other side of the Embankment," he said. "I suppose we couldn't pinch him for loitering?"

"You mean Gilder? No, hardly. Anyway, he can do very little harm, unless . . . I wonder if he heard?"

"About the woman?" asked Totty. "The Eurasian girl? That's a bit damning, isn't it, Tanner? I should think we've got enough evidence to pinch Amersham."

"When you have learned your business as a detective officer, which will be somewhere around 1976," said Tanner offensively, "you will discover—and probably be amazed by the discovery—that there is always sufficient evidence to pinch people, but generally not quite sufficient evidence to convict them."

As he came back he saw a crowd of men lining the corridor and groaned. He loathed lectures, and was less inclined at the moment to discuss the elementary facts of the Mark's Priory case than ever he had been in his life. For they were no longer elementary. They were facts for a class in advanced criminology.

He wanted to get away to see Amersham and ask him a few vital questions.

"After the class is dismissed," he said to Totty, "go to Dr. Amersham's and tell him I wish to see him at Scotland Yard. You can tell him he need not come unless he wishes, but that it might simplify matters if he saw me here. Give him the usual warning—he has probably got somebody pretty high up who will make a fuss if we neglect the rules."

"And if he won't come, bring him?" suggested Totty hopefully.

Tanner shook his head.

"No, we haven't got to that stage yet, though I don't think we're far off."

The class came in, filed into their seats, and Totty called the roll and delivered the preliminary routine lecture, while Mr. Tanner drew a few lines that represented the rough ground plan of Mark's Priory.

His lecture was halting; his mind wandered; he was too near the subject to deliver a first-class narrative. But he could speak very plainly between these four walls, and the lecture developed into a very frank examination of the character of Dr. Amersham.

This had not been his original intention, he realized, as the lecture progressed. But the events of the morning had supplied red arrow marks which, with singular unanimity, pointed to Dr. Amersham as the guilty man.

"I DON'T mind telling you that he is under suspicion, and for the following reasons—"

A messenger came in with a telegram, and Totty took it and opened it.

"There are certain facts which have come to my knowledge this morning," said Tanner, "and which I cannot at the moment discuss. Amersham has undoubtedly a very bad record, and when you come to examine the Studd murder you have to realize not only that Amersham was in Mark's Thornton, but that he was actually in the field and was seen a few minutes after the murder was committed. Everything points to him—"

"Mr. Tanner!"

It was Totty's agitated voice.

"Where is the west wing?"

Tanner marked the drawing with his chalk. Totty read from the telegram.

"'Bushes fifty yards south of the west wing.'"

Again Tanner indicated the point.

"Why do you ask?"

Totty did not reply. To his chief's amazement he walked to the blackboard, took the chalk from his hand and made a big cross.

For a moment Tanner thought he was indulging in an ill-timed joke.

"What is that?" he asked sternly.

Totty's voice was agitated.

"That is where the body of Dr. Amersham was found half an hour ago!" he said.

Bill Tanner could only look at him. He took the telegram and read:

VERY URGENT VERY URGENT BODY OF DR. AMERSHAM FOUND IN PRIORY FIELD AT 11:07 A. M. BEHIND BUSHES FIFTY YARDS SOUTH OF WEST WING MARK'S PRIORY DECEASED HAS BEEN STRANGLED BUT NO CLOTH NOR ROPE FOUND COME IMMEDIATELY CHIEF CONSTABLE

(To be continued next week)

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The first time they were Alone

Continued from page 15

would you choose?" he asked in dulcet tones.

"They'll all be equally horrible," she snapped.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten," said Alec. He drew her stiff and unbending body into the circle of his arms. He kissed her with enthusiasm. She slapped him.

"You didn't say that I wasn't to slap you every time you kissed me," she said, righting herself.

"Hush," said Alec, "we have business afoot. One, two, three . . . we didn't come out here to talk, you know . . . four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. Come here, darling."

She slapped him again.

"One," said Alec, "two . . . I was forced into this. The Taming of the Shrew has always seemed a silly business to me . . . three, four . . . the fact is you're looking forward to this . . . five, six . . . I warm to my work as I go along . . . seven, eight, nine . . . I shall be obliged to tell them that you loved it because you really do . . . ten. Tip your head a little more, my sweet."

THAT time she slapped him twice. He looked like Pan incarnate chuckling with mischievous glee.

"One," said Alec.

Her mouth was feeling bruised and swollen. She reflected bitterly that he must have kissed a lot of women. He had a way of going about it.

". . . two, three, four, five," said Alec, ". . . if you weren't such a stiff little brute, this might be amusing . . . you're just stubborn . . . six, seven, eight, nine, ten . . ."

Alicia came up for breath. "Stubborn, am I?" she said. "I suppose the others literally fall into your arms."

"Yes," said Alec, ". . . one, two, three . . . and count themselves lucky . . . four, five, six . . ."

"Half-wits," said Alicia. "Lucky for what?"

"This," Alec said.

Alicia burst into tears.

"It shouldn't affect you that way," Alec said. "I don't approve of women giving way to their emotions."

"If I were a man . . ." Alicia sobbed.

"This wouldn't be fun," Alec said. "Tut, now. One, two, three, four . . . I should hate to be the man who marries you . . . five, six, seven . . ."

"I should hate to have you," she gurgled. "Why?"

"Eight . . . it would be horrible to have to kiss you for the rest of one's life . . . nine, ten . . ."

That time Alicia vindicated herself as a satisfactory partner for a lifetime of kisses. Her pride was up in arms.

"Better," Alec said, "but there's still room for improvement."

Alicia improved with admirable determination.

"My!" he said. "I wouldn't have believed you had it in you."

The hundred steps had been taken and the ten kisses were a thing of the past. A gentle melancholy on Alec's part presided over the return trip and a grim silence on Alicia's testified to her complete dissatisfaction with the world and the way it was run.

He wouldn't laugh at the kisses of those others who were taken to Blossom Inn to dance in the moonlight.

She stole a sidelong glance at him. He was very handsome with his tousled mop of hair rising in defiance to all rules of the well-groomed male.

He said, "Now, let me see . . . I hardly know how to go about explaining your reactions."

"You may tell them that I loathed it," Alicia said crisply.

"Oh, but I must be honest."

She stopped short. "Of all the sneaking snakes!"

"You musn't descend to personal insult," Alec said. "If you want my approval . . ."

"Who wants your approval?" She started off in the direction of the driveway in tears. Alec followed.

"Now what?" he said.

"Go in there and lie your teeth out, for all I care," she said, climbing into her car.

"Where are you going?"

"Home."

"Without your shoes?"

She did not answer. She stepped on the starter. The motor gave a sick, gasping sound.

"We'll miss you," said Alec.

She stepped on the starter again. Another gasping sound and the motor curled up and went back to sleep.

"It doesn't start," he said.

"Thanks," Alicia said.

She stepped on the starter again. This time the motor slept through it.

"Something must be wrong," said Alec. "Probably you haven't any gasoline."

"There's plenty of gasoline."

Alec knew there wasn't, because he'd let it out, but he maintained a discreet silence. A sportsman can't be expected to give his quarry more than one chance.

"I guess we might as well go in," Alec said.

But Alicia had plunged out the other side and into his car. She was halfway down the drive before she turned to look back. Alec had the definite impression that she had thumbed her nose as she whizzed into the shadows.

A beatific smile wreathed his lips. This was exceeding his wildest dreams. Oh, joy! He dashed for the house.

A chorus of "Where's Alicia?" greeted him as he entered.

"Alicia," said Alec, "has left."

Janice Carlisle came over to him. "Alexander Vincent," she said, "have you locked that poor child up somewhere in the dark?"

"I?" Alec said. "Why, Aunt Janice!"

"What have you done with her?"

"Nothing," he said.

"She'll turn up," Celia interposed.

"I doubt it," Janice moaned.

A FEW minutes later Janice was leading a searching party around the outlying buildings and through the grove.

Celia stayed indoors and ate grapes.

"I'm quite certain," she said to Alec, "that you've not given her a chance to get far away. Of course, it's not my business, but I think it would be only decent of you to take her her shoes, wherever she is."

"I haven't the faintest idea where she is," Alec said truthfully.

Outside, cries of "Alicia, where are you?" resounded in the night. Janice fully expected to find a shoeless and ranting Alicia tied to a tree or hanging from the rafters of the henhouse.

Meanwhile, Alec was enthroned in the house, munching grapes and conferring by telephone with the local police station. "It's a gray car," he said, "and the license number is . . ."

Janice returned after a fruitless search to hear the butler saying, "The police station is on the wire for you, Mr. Vincent."

She collapsed in the nearest chair. "You've murdered her!" she moaned. "Now there'll be a scandal."

"We've found your car," the police sergeant said in answer to Alec's voice. "There's a girl in it. She says her name's Alicia Houghton and that you know her. She hasn't got any shoes on."

"I never heard of her," Alec said.

"She wants to talk to you. Do you want to?"

"No, of course not," said Alec. "Why should I want to talk with her?"

"We'll just put her in and hold her until you come to identify the car," the sergeant said. "It's yours, all right."

Janice said when he hung up, "Alec, you tell me what you've done to that child. It was about Alicia, wasn't it?"

"Well, vaguely," said Alec.

"Alec, where *is* she?"

"She's in jail. I'll go to her." . . .

ALEC whistled gayly as he drove through the night to the police station. Pleasant pictures of Alicia chewing iron bars assailed him. He noted that his roadster was parked outside the station.

Inside, Alicia was perched on the lone chair, glowering.

Without a second glance at her, Alec approached the desk. "It's my car all right," he said to the sergeant.

The sergeant beckoned to Alicia. She padded over and stood at Alec's elbow. "This is the girl," the sergeant said.

Alec looked down at her. "She's a pretty little thing," he murmured.

"Alec Vincent, you tell him that you know me and that you lent me that car!" she said in a trembling voice.

"But I didn't," said Alec in all truth.

"Alec!" she moaned.

"Mr. Vincent to you," said Alec.

"Want to prefer charges, Mr. Vincent?" said the sergeant.

Alec pursed his lips and looked from Alicia to the officer.

"I'm a humanitarian at heart," Alec said. "Release her, Sergeant . . ."

The sergeant nodded.

"Come, little lady," said Alec.

Alicia padded out at his side. "You," she said through a group of choking sounds, "are the most loathsome beast in all . . . in all . . ."

"Connecticut," Alec supplied. "Here, darling, let me wipe your dirty little face."

Janice kept a lonely vigil through the night hours, waiting for their return. At dawn she retired with the firm conviction that Alec had either done away with his arch enemy finally and successfully, or that he, too, had been jailed.

Breakfast the next morning was a morose affair. Everybody but Celia and Janice had gone off somewhere.

Celia said, "Of course, I'm not old-fashioned, but necking parties can be carried too far."

"Necking parties!" said Janice. "He's probably dragging her around the countryside with a rope. Oh, why did I ever let him go after her alone?"

"You couldn't help yourself," Celia said brightly. "It's my private opinion that he wanted to be alone with her."

Janice accepted this remark with a fishy stare.

As they rose from the table, a telegram for Janice was brought in. She tore it open and read it. Then she reread it.

"I think I'll go and lie down," she said weakly.

"What *is* it?" Celia squealed.

"It's the beginning of a really important war," said Janice. "Alicia has had her first decisive victory."

"What's she done?"

"She's married him," Janice said.

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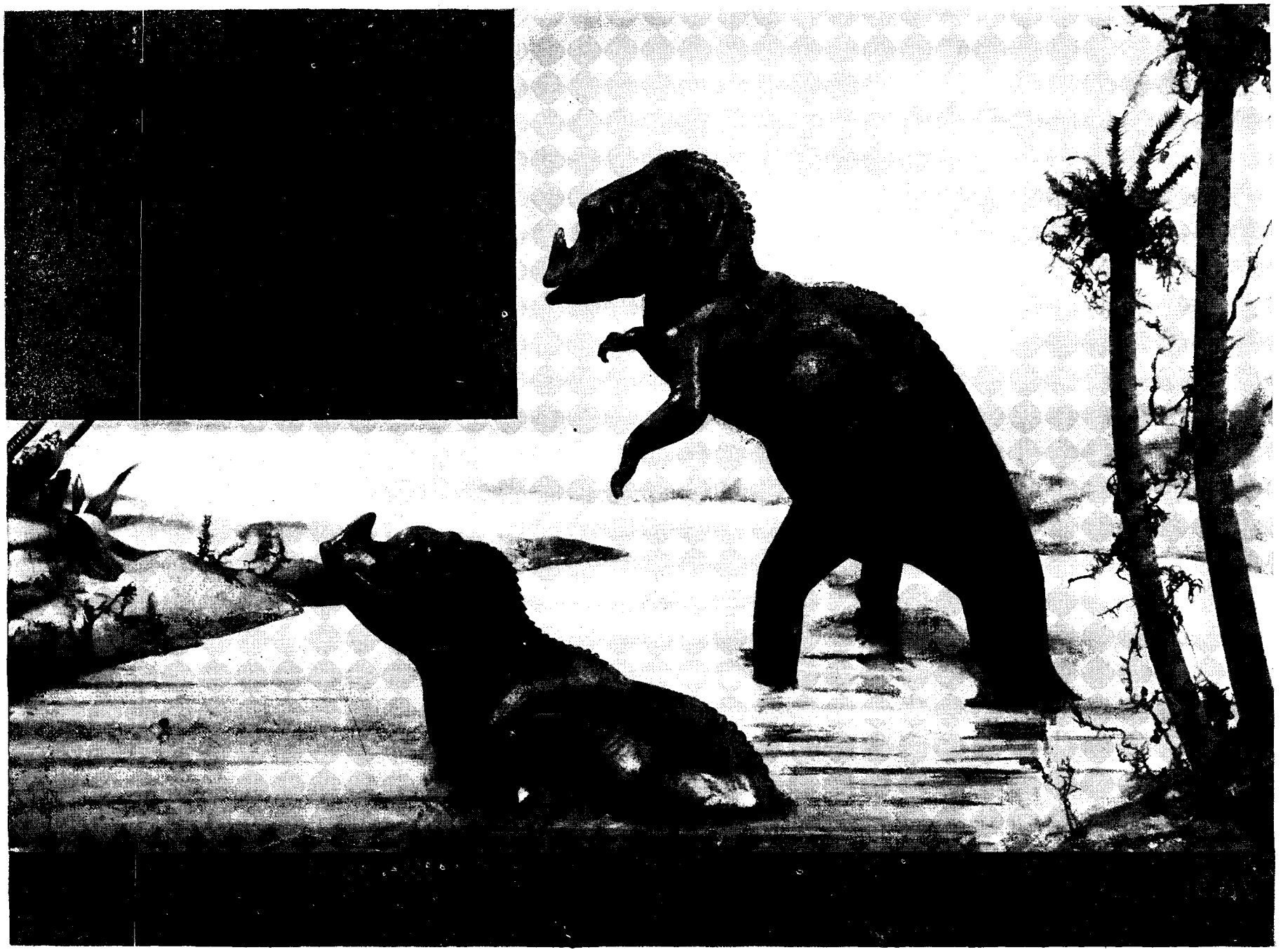

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NOTE: *For those who prefer a Mid-continent motor oil Sinclair dealers also sell Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil, blended from the oldest Mid-continent crudes (mellowed 80 million years) and de-waxed and freed from petroleum jelly at as low as 60° F. below zero. Sinclair Refining Company (Inc.), New York, N. Y.*

Tune in Monday evenings 37 NBC Stations SINCLAIR MINSTRELS

SINCLAIR *Pennsylvania*

guaranteed by SINCLAIR REFINING COMPANY (INC.) to be 100% pure PENNSYLVANIA GRADE OIL

MOTOR OIL

From the costliest Pennsylvania grade crude.

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FELLOW citizens, lend us your chins! Is your morning shave a burning question? Would you like a bit of harm relief?

Ingram's platform is "A cool shave and no foolin'!" Ingram's Shaving Cream is not only fundamentally sound, it's fundamentally COOL!

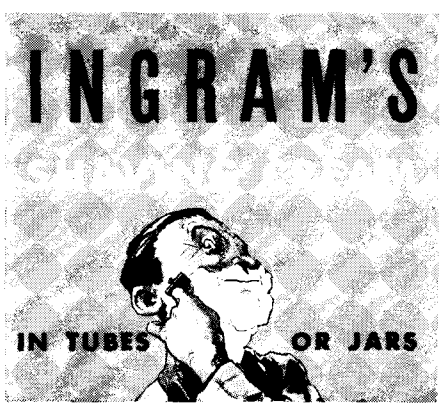
Three constituents make it act like a shaving cream, a tonic and a face lotion *all at once.*

Man, you'll feel the difference the minute this smooth, chilly lather touches your cheek!

No smarting cheeks, no stinging chin—with Ingram's! Just a close, cool shave from start to finish!

Your corner druggist is waiting to sell you a jar *or* a tube of Ingram's. It comes both ways, the same cool cream! Go down and take your choice right this minute!

If you can't—and you're willing—and able—to wait—we'll send you ten sample cool shaves for a 2¢ stamp. That's the second best way to get acquainted with Ingram's. Clip the coupon!



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., DEPT. C-921
110 Washington St., New York, N.Y.
I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves.
I enclose a 2-cent stamp.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Who will sell Liquor?

Continued from page 21

prescription counter to hide behind. The pressure on the druggist was terrific.

One of the largest chain drug-store systems found it necessary, some years ago, to stop the sale of prescription liquor in all its stores because of the tremendous temptation brought to bear upon its managers to fill the empty hip flasks of customers.

It is undoubtedly either the druggist or the groceryman who, if the Eighteenth Amendment is repealed, will be most commonly authorized to sell liquor in package form. That is, provided Federal or state liquor stores are not established.

Already, indeed, the grocers are indirectly challenging the druggists for this possible new business of perhaps two and a half billion dollars a year. They're the natural contestants for the business, among the merchants on Main Street. Each is equipped, unlike retailers in other lines, to begin the sale of package goods of liquor at a day's notice. When the various state governments begin to consider how legalized liquor shall be dispensed to the public, many of the grocers and druggists will insist they be made the retailers of all liquor that is sold in package form.

We Americans are greenhorns on the subject of liquor distribution. The world has slipped ahead of us while we've been blundering with prohibition.

In each nation, state or province where the liquor question has been fought out within the past twenty years, the following facts have been granted by all interests:

On and Off

There are two kinds of liquor. One kind is hard, or spirituous; the other kind is soft—beer and wine.

The hard liquor is the more harmful.

Therefore, the public drinking of hard liquor like whisky, gin or brandy must be prevented. How can you do this? Simple. Do not permit it to be sold by the glass. Allow its sale only in sealed bottles. Do not permit any purchaser of bottled liquor to open a bottle and drink on the premises where the purchase has been made. The sale must be made for drinking "off the premises" only. A Canadian, for instance, would no sooner think of opening a bottle in a government liquor store than of doing a tap dance at a post-office window.

The place which sells liquor in package form, to be consumed "off the premises," possesses what is known as an "off sale" license.

An "on sale" license in England, Canada, Finland or Sweden permits the selling and drinking on the premises of only soft liquor; that is, beer, ale or wine. There are many different ways of handling "on sales." In Canada, for instance, some districts allow no "on sales" of any kind of liquor. There is no drinking by glass; no public drinking. All liquor sold is under "off sale" permits in such districts. Hotels and restaurants, in some districts, may hold special "on sale" permits for selling a restricted amount of beer or wine to each diner. In Quebec "on sale" permits are granted to licensed "tavern keepers" who may sell only beer or ale; not even wine, to say nothing of whisky.

This permits the public drinking of malt liquor by the glass. But most of the drinking in the various provinces of Canada is not this sort. In Ontario, for instance, all liquor licenses are for "off sales." In no countries where the liquor business has recently been renovated are holders of "on sale" licenses allowed to sell liquor in bottes, for "off sale" consumption. This prevents drunken men from buying liquor to carry away.

In England today one fourth of the hard liquor consumed is purchased under "off sales."

Here's one fact established by all students of liquor control in various countries: The fewer "on sale" licenses granted, the farther away saloon conditions.

There will be a rush for the "off sale" business. Those who take part in it will declare themselves against the government liquor-store system and will try to show how they are prepared to accept "off sale" licenses for handling liquor in packages.

The contest for the business will lie between grocers and druggists in states where government retailing is not allowed.

"Grocers or other retailers," said a druggists' association official, "are not allowed to sell medicines in most of the states. Even the common headache medicines are barred. The law will have to take whiskies, brandies and strong spirits out of the list of medicines if and when the Eighteenth Amendment is repealed, before grocers will be able to sell them legally."

One argument of the grocers will be that grocers selling liquor will be no new sight. Many of them did it in the old pre-prohibition days. In all the wet states there were grocers who dealt in "Fancy Groceries, Wines and Liquors."

"*Grocers—Do you want it?* The National Grocers' Bulletin invites its readers to write stating their position and offering constructive suggestions relative thereto."

The retailing of liquor in bulk is another question. It involves not merely the question of "Who will sell liquor?" but also the question, "*Where* will Americans drink?"

Surely not in drug stores nor in grocery stores; neither the druggists nor the grocers intend to have any such arrangement as that. A Russian storekeeper once explained to me why, in his opinion, the Czar had become disgusted with the wetness of Russia. Vodka was sold in general stores, crossroad stores—everywhere.

"A peasant would come into my store and trade eggs or fowl for a bottle of vodka. Then he would have no place but home in which to drink his vodka. If he took it home his wife would let him have only a little of it. So he would step out into the street, hit the bottom of the bottle a hard smack with the palm of his hand and out would fly the cork. He would not pick up the cork, for he knew he would never need that cork again. He would stand in the street and gulp down his vodka in as few drinks as possible. A little loud talk, getting louder; then a little loud singing, getting louder, and pretty soon he would be quiet, sound asleep in the gutter for his family to pick up. If not they, then the policeman."

The Purse of Drink

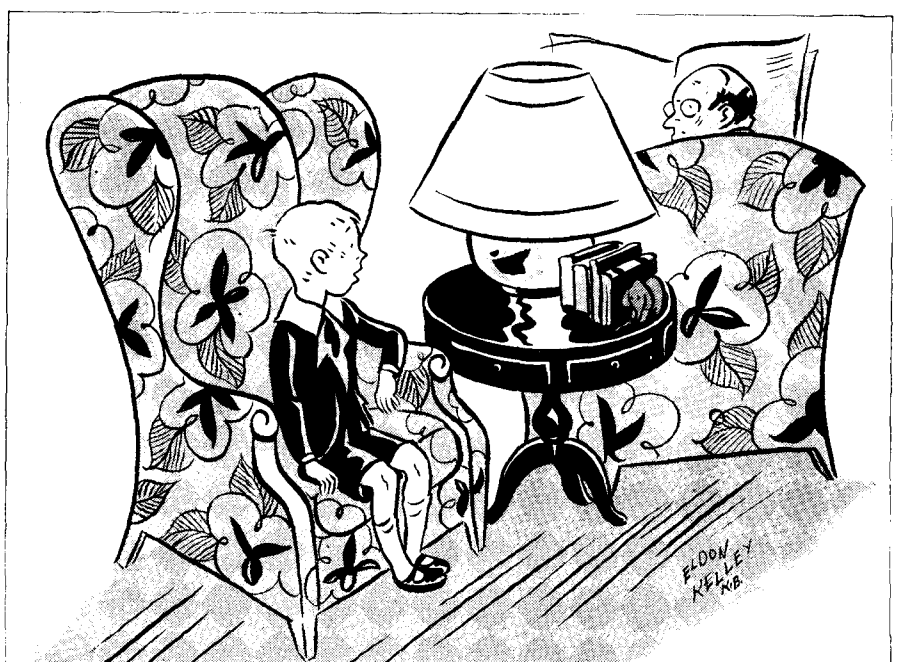
Canada, in its various provinces, has tried to settle the question of where people shall drink by providing for the drinking of wines and beers in restaurants and in barless table-places called taverns.

And yet I found up in Quebec a gray-haired, wise old prelate who told me of what he and the many priests under him thought of public drinking. He, of course, was speaking for French people, who have drinking methods peculiar to themselves.

"We know our people very well," he boasted. "Drinking in these new style taverns is very bad for them. A man goes into a tavern to have one drink. He meets friends there. He buys drinks for them and they buy drinks for him. It is not long before he has spent far too much money and drunk far more than he intended to drink."

"But what other arrangement could you make?" I asked him.

"The woman should be the master of the family pocketbook," he said. "Let her remain so. I would arrange it so that when she came home from shopping at the store she would take from her basket, together with the family food, only as much wine or beer or other liquor as she felt the family could afford. She would have bought it at a store with other family supplies. And you may be sure, my son," he added with a wise smile, "she would not buy too much. The evil of alcohol is that a wise wife and a drunken husband cannot manage the same pocketbook."



"Pop, is it wicked of me not to want to be President when I grow up?"

Eldon Kelley

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EVERSHARP ANNOUNCES

DORIC

the people's choice in pens in a new

$3.50 Model

We asked hundreds to vote. Most of them said, "I want Doric."

Now you can have the flashing beauty of Doric, Eversharp's brilliant new pen and pencil design, at a remarkably low price. Only $3.50 for the pen—$2.50 for the pencil.

This new Doric is exactly the same shape, *the same design*, that has won a dozen popularity contests. It has been chosen by hundreds of smart, style-conscious young men and women as the handsomest of all fountain pen designs.

We took Doric to colleges and universities, to Palm Beach, to Lake Placid, to Hollywood, on board the Ile de France, to the Lido, to the Ritz in Paris, to Fifth Avenue, New York.

There we asked, "Which pen do you prefer?" Everywhere, from sixty to seventy-five out of every hundred people said, "I would much rather have the new Doric than the round pen."

But Doric was made only with instantly interchangeable point and with an unconditional guarantee for life. So popular was this senior model (five dollars and upward) that we decided to offer the same beautiful design in a $3.50 pen and $2.50 pencil. Here they are, true Dorics, but priced much lower than you would expect.

This new $3.50 Doric not only is the smartest of all pen designs, but it is a fine writing instrument, precision made. It is made in 3 beautiful colors and black and is fully guaranteed against imperfection in workmanship and materials. There is a smart clasp model for women besides the sturdy men's model illustrated.

Students, especially, will welcome the new Doric. It is a smart new style that most young people want. It is an excellent pen. Yet it costs little. See this new Doric.

EVERSHARP

DORIC

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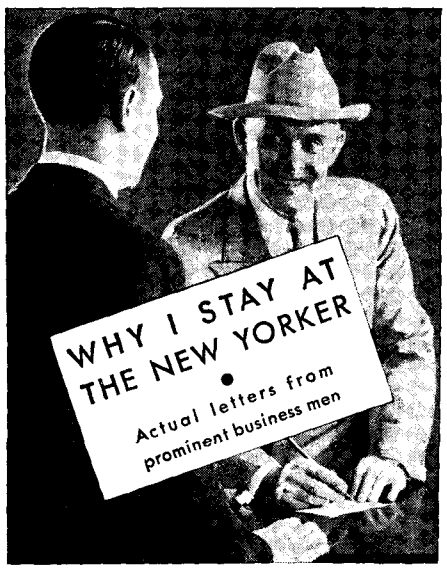

"More for your money at the New Yorker"

says Chicago executive

"YOU get more real comfort and A-1 service at the New Yorker than at any other hotel I know of," declares the president of a well-known Chicago company. "Yet rates are surprisingly moderate.

"Their $3.50 rooms are marvels of comfort and convenience. The food in all four of their restaurants is invariably good and very reasonably priced. The whole atmosphere is wonderfully friendly and pleasant. They not only do things for you but seem to *enjoy* doing them—at the Hotel New Yorker."

• • •

Why be satisfied with second-rate accommodation when the best now costs so little at the Hotel New Yorker? 2500 rooms—*over five hundred splendid ones for only $3.50 a day.* (See detailed description below.)

Four fine restaurants serve quality food at substantially reduced prices: the speed-counter Coffee Shop; the Empire Tea Room; Manhattan Room; the beautiful Terrace Restaurant.

Come to the New Yorker next time you're in New York. Compare it carefully—critically—with other hotels you've stayed at. See if you don't agree that you get *more* for your money at the New Yorker! Just three minutes from Pennsylvania Station by our own private tunnel.

ALL THIS FOR AS LITTLE AS $3.50 A DAY

Quiet, airy, outside single room with tub and shower bath, luxuriously comfortable bed, circulating ice water, Servidor, bedside and dresser lamps, full-length mirror, Stromberg-Carlson radio (four programs).

HOTEL NEW YORKER

"WHERE THE BEST COSTS LESS"

34th Street at 8th Ave., New York

RALPH HITZ, *President*

BOOK-CADILLAC HOTEL · DETROIT

Also under Ralph Hitz direction

Wife for Sale

Continued from page 23

for the theater that night, and bought a frock for Barbara, and what she called a "darling" house-gown of comfortable silken folds and lines for her mother. Judge Bailey had had his own good reasons for deciding that Miss Oliver's salary must go on, at least until Barry Dunsmuir were proved dead, and Norah could indulge herself a little with a clear conscience.

She and David went to someone's house for luncheon, and to a football game in the afternoon, and then she was back in the Howard house again, luxuriating in a hot bath, making herself lovely in the new velvet, with the Vandyke collar of deep embroidery setting off her country-browned skin and gray eyes, and her hair brushed damply into rings and curves against her temples.

DAVID wasn't pressing himself upon her all this time, for which she was secretly a little grateful. But he was all happiness, all eagerness, all attention, and any girl knows how much more that represents. They loved every minute of the inexhaustible big show; its songs, its comedians, its choruses and dances, its magnificent tableaux and its shocking little "hot spots." Afterward they went to a club, and Norah saw the famous blues singer of the show at close range, and caught one sad, appealing glance from the fringed, dark, tearful eyes.

But none of it—no moment of pleasure—was like the moment when they began to get up into the flaming hills again the next afternoon, and when Norah saw familiar old hooded bridges, familiar old farms propped up on foundations of native stone. She could not breathe deep enough of the cool, sweet, scented air; her voice rang with new notes, she fairly bounced on the seat beside David.

"Look, David, that's the Tafts'—that's where my uncle is being spoiled within an inch of his life She's got the finest cows of anyone 'round here, and she owns a building in Morristown, too, and she can't do enough for him! Adores him—and he reads Wilkie Collins and Dickens to her evenings, and tells her about Wilson and the War."

And, "Look, David, those are the espaliered trees. We're going to try them, next year. The peaches were simply marvelous, off those walls!"

"Do you like me a little?" David asked her, at her own door.

"A lot!" But she was down in the dooryard, where Barbara was dancing up and down with excitement, and Mrs. Oliver shading her eyes with a raised hand from the afternoon sun. "Oh, you're burning leaves!" Norah exclaimed. "I'm so glad. And don't they smell delicious! Oh, and Pauline—I smell it; what is it? What's cooking?"

"It's a sop'rize, for your supper!" Barbara shrilled, taking bundles with all the eagerness of the child who knows that some of them, at least, concern her.

"We'll see you soon, David?" Mrs. Oliver said cordially.

"Saturday, surely. And I'm coming for Thanksgiving?"

David drove away; Norah was by this time rejoicing and exclaiming in the warm kitchen, snapping strings of parcels, being kissed, recounting her adventures, all at once.

At Thanksgiving time, the old farm was shut in to itself. The flowers, the meals under the elm, even the blazing leaves were gone, and the hazy, dreamy, scented afternoons. The air was sharp and tingling now, and the thinned sunlight penetrated into forgotten places from which heavy leaves had shut it all summer long—into Norah's bedroom, into the kitchen; it lay in a bright wash of light down the white-paneled old stairway.

For Thanksgiving, of course, Eve was there, and Elinor and Bill, too; with Barbara and David there were seven, and between the feast and the cold they were busy all day long. Bill and Elinor had driven up from the city in their shiny little new car, and Elinor had in her arms the two-months-old son, who immediately became the center of attraction for everybody.

Norah loved the atmosphere of the solid old place when the cold, early dusk outside had driven them all in; when the "airtights" blazed in the bedrooms and parlor, and on the dining-room hearth the stout branches of the "upper pasture oak," that had come down in a March wind, burned royally all day long.

"We can keep warm, yes!" Bill Gunther said, panting, "but, ye gods, to break your leg in this weather would be to freeze to death!"

He had brought the baby in his basket down to the dining-room, where Barbara was arranging nuts and raisins with exquisite care, Eve and David skirmishing about in a supposed attempt to set the table, and Elinor, Norah, Pauline and Mrs. Oliver coming and going on countless errands through the open kitchen door.

"And you love it!" Norah told him.

"Well, yes, I do. But talk about long empty days in the country!" Bill protested. "Why, it's all you can do to get through."

Norah, flashing about everywhere, saw nothing that was not heartening and homely and dear. Through the open door she could glimpse the stately, dim old parlor, with its books and square piano, its winter berries and branches of fresh dark huckleberry. The dining-room was full of joyous bustle; lamps had been lighted, and there were chrysanthemums on the table, and the fire was burning steadily. The window shades had been drawn against a bleak winter dusk, but inside everything was warmth and cheer.

NORAH'S hands had been cut by wires and ropes and the stiff branches of winter shrubs. Also they were strongly scented with onion, sage and steam from the turkey. Her back was on fire; every bone in her body ached, and she knew from the present state of her feelings that she would go to sleep immediately after dinner—there was no help for it; when one got tired, hungry, cold, and then was suddenly warm, comfortable, well fed, the result was a sleep like a stupor, or a stupor called sleep.

"Barbara," she said, "stop teasing that baby! He's nice and quiet, and you'll get him crying."

"He loves me to tease him!" Barbara protested, reluctantly removing her soft little dirty smoothing hands from the baby.

"It's time to get clean for dinner anyway, darling. Come along here—"

"I can dish up any time you say, now," Pauline observed, as they went through the kitchen to the washroom beyond.

"What's this heating—dishwater?"

"That's dishwater there in that pail."

Norah dipped the end of a towel into it forthwith, drew Barbara into the ice-cold washroom, wiped the small face with the hot towel. Barbara's rose-leaf skin emerged fresh and soft from the operation, but she shuddered in the atmosphere of the washroom.

"It's freezing!"

"It's only a moment." The soap smelled cold and strong; the towel with which Norah wiped Barbara's limp little hands dry was stiff and cold too. Norah brushed the fluffy hair; took one look at her own hair and hands. "Dinner!" she said, encouragingly.

Dinner was to have been at five, for there had been no lunch today; the hands of the clock now stood at seven, and everyone was ravenous.

They found their places; Norah at one end of the table, her mother at the other, Bill, Elinor, David, Eve, Barbara placed in between, and the smoking soup ready in the old-fashioned tureen. Norah had just lifted the ladle to serve, when there was a knock at the kitchen entry door.

A loud knock; they all heard it, and they looked in surprise at one another. On this dark winter night, with the wind rising, who could be at the door?

The door opened; a figure, big and overcoated, was there; the man was blinking in the light.

Mrs. Oliver gave a cry of incredulous joy and ran forward, was in his arms. It was Keith, come home from Central America to see his mother, to see them all. They had not seen him for almost a year.

TWO clouds darkened the rapture of this Thanksgiving night for Norah before she could go wearily to bed.

One was Eve's odd behavior. Eve had disappeared from the family group early; dishes were hardly done, and the family had gathered about the dining-room fireplace, when Eve had said somewhat coldly that she had a headache; she was going to bed.

Norah, flying to the colder regions upstairs for dry things for the baby half an hour later, had found her, instead, standing by the window in the hall, looking out into a night in which absolutely nothing except the dim reflection of the hall itself was visible. Norah had put a quick arm about her.

"Eve, what is it? They're all downstairs playing games and having fun. What is it, dear?"

"I wish I was dead!" Eve had muttered, in a voice swollen with tears.

"Eve!"

"And I hate you!" Eve had whispered fiercely, on a sob. "You think you're so—so smart! You think you're—so wonderful. They all do! I wish I was dead!"

Norah had stood perfectly still, dazed. What on *earth*—

"David, you mean?" she had asked, in sudden understanding.

Eve had made no answer. She had turned her shoulder toward Norah, and was looking at the black windowpanes again.

"I can't help that, can I?" Norah had asked, in a troubled, hurt tone.

Still there had been no answer, and after a moment Norah had gone downstairs. The happy evening had been shadowed for her from that moment, and even when Keith went upstairs and brought back Eve—a little pale but very pretty in fresh powder and lip-red, with newly combed hair—to the circle, Norah still felt shocked and subdued. Eve sat on a hassock at her mother's feet, her linked elbows crooked against her mother's knee to support her head. She did not speak to David, or glance at him; she was gentle, sympathetic, silent, not a bit like Eve.

(Continued on page 42)

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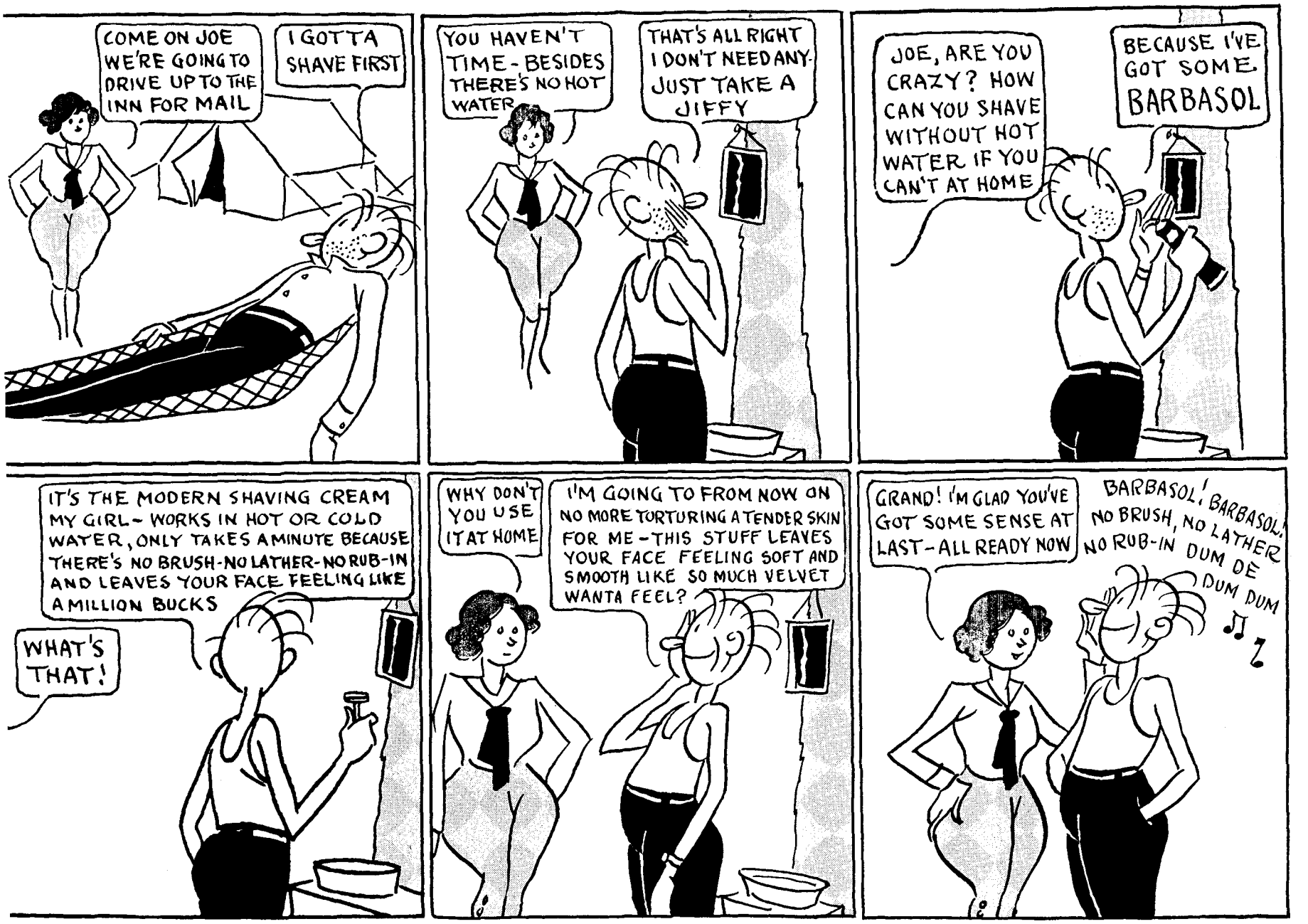
Barbasol

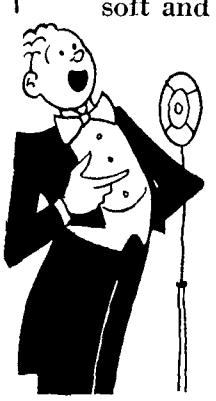
JOE PULLS A FAST ONE


COME ON JOE WE'RE GOING TO DRIVE UP TO THE INN FOR MAIL
I GOTTA SHAVE FIRST
YOU HAVEN'T TIME - BESIDES THERE'S NO HOT WATER
THAT'S ALL RIGHT I DON'T NEED ANY- JUST TAKE A JIFFY
JOE, ARE YOU CRAZY? HOW CAN YOU SHAVE WITHOUT HOT WATER IF YOU CAN'T AT HOME
BECAUSE I'VE GOT SOME BARBASOL
IT'S THE MODERN SHAVING CREAM MY GIRL - WORKS IN HOT OR COLD WATER, ONLY TAKES A MINUTE BECAUSE THERE'S NO BRUSH-NO LATHER-NO RUB-IN AND LEAVES YOUR FACE FEELING LIKE A MILLION BUCKS
WHAT'S THAT!
WHY DON'T YOU USE IT AT HOME
I'M GOING TO FROM NOW ON NO MORE TORTURING A TENDER SKIN FOR ME - THIS STUFF LEAVES YOUR FACE FEELING SOFT AND SMOOTH LIKE SO MUCH VELVET WANTA FEEL?
GRAND! I'M GLAD YOU'VE GOT SOME SENSE AT LAST - ALL READY NOW
BARBASOL! BARBASOL! NO BRUSH, NO LATHER NO RUB-IN DUM DE DUM DUM

SHAVE WITHOUT LATHER! Get a tube of Barbasol today. Use it this way: 1. Wash your face and leave it wet. 2. Smooth on Barbasol—no need to rub it in vigorously. 3. Wet your razor and SHAVE! That's all there is to the cleanest, quickest, coolest shave you've ever had. Because Barbasol's a cool, smooth cream, there are no harsh biting alkalis in it to torture a tender skin. It leaves the natural oil in, protecting the face from sun- and wind-burn, keeping it soft and smooth. Holds the whiskers erect so the razor can slice 'em off without pulling and scraping. No wonder it's the world's fastest-selling shaving cream. Generous tubes at all druggists', 35¢ and 65¢, or large jar, 75¢. The Barbasol Company, Indianapolis, Indiana.

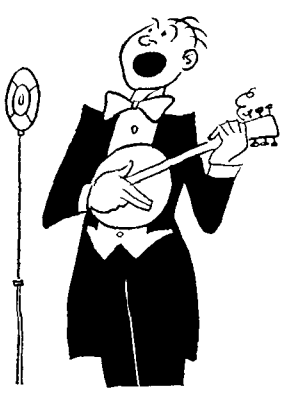
Barbasol recommends TEFRA TOOTHPASTE—In every 30¢ tube there is a free Tefra toothbrush refill, to fit a lifetime Tefra refillable toothbrush handle. For full information, tune in Barbasol radio programs listed.

he Old Singin'Master and is singers — mellow old ymns and ballads the way ou like them. Tune in very Sunday night at 0:15, Eastern Daylight aving Time, on the N.B.C. WJZ) Blue Network, coast o coast.



Ray Perkins, Barbasoloist with Peter Van Steeden's Barbasolians, WEAF—N. B. C. Red Network, Tuesdays and Thursdays, 7:30 P.M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

Consult radio page of your local newspaper for stations



Singin' Sam, the Barbasol Man, in songs you can't forget. Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening, at 8:15, Eastern Daylight Saving Time, over an extensive Columbia (WABC) Broadcasting hook-up.

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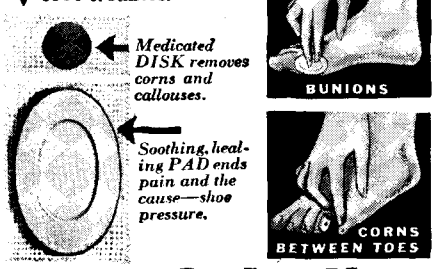
CORNS

INSTANT, SAFE RELIEF!

It takes Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads only one minute to end pain of the worst corn. Their soothing medication acts instantly and heals rapidly. Their triple ply protective outer rim removes the cause—shoe pressure; prevents sore toes and blisters. Keep a box handy to use when new or tight shoes hurt and you'll have instant comfort.

Quickly Removes Corns

Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the Pink Medicated Disks (now included at no extra cost) to safely remove corns and callouses in 48 hours. Get them today at your drug or shoe store. Made by the makers of Dr. Scholl's Arch Supports and Foot Remedies for all foot troubles.


Medicated DISK removes corns and callouses.
Soothing, healing PAD ends pain and the cause—shoe pressure.
CALLOUSES
BUNIONS
CORNS BETWEEN TOES

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

OWN A CARAMEL POP-CORN STORE!

Make quick success with CARMEL-CRISP . . . sensational new candied Pop-Corn confection. Stores going strong. Openings in many towns. Little capital. We supply complete equipment . . help finance and locate you . . furnish store plans . . successful original formulas . . teach process. Send for Free book . . "Golden Kernels of Profit." Explains all. Write today. No obligation.

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When your dog is healthy he needs care to keep him in the pink of condition. When sick he needs intelligent treatment to make him well. In both instances, Glover's 48-page Guide Book, explaining the symptoms and treatment of common dog ailments, and the true facts about **DISTEMPER**, as well as advice on the regular care of the dog, should be handy before emergencies arise. Mail coupon for your copy NOW! Bulletins on CATS or FOXES or RABBITS mailed on request. Our Veterinarian will answer questions on any animal ailments free.

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GLOVER'S IMPERIAL ANIMAL MEDICINES

Wife for Sale

Continued from page 40

The evening's second bad moment came half an hour later, when David had to start on the run back to Morristown. Norah wrapped herself in a heavy coat and went with him to the side door, saw that he had his coat and cap and muffler, and was laughing over sleepy good-nights when he suddenly drew her into the empty kitchen.

One dim lamp was lighted here; Pauline, ably if somewhat confusedly seconded by almost every person in the group, had long ago finished the last dish, had wiped the sink boards and put the morning oatmeal to simmer far back on the range. The fire's eye was red through the stove coal box; the air in the kitchen was warm and scented still by the wreck of the great turkey that Norah and Barbara had been treacherously fattening for many weeks in one of the chicken-yard pens.

"Norah!" David said. She was jumbled against him, laughing, his two big arms holding her lightly.

"Sh-h-h!" she warned him, with a glance toward the dining-room's half-opened door across the entry.

"Norah, I want you—I want you *terribly*—to marry me!" David said.

"Oh, David, how can you talk so! You're still in college; you don't even know what you're going to *be* yet—"

"That doesn't matter!" David said in a low voice, holding her tightly to him.

"But it does!" She was laughing nervously, trying to free herself.

"Listen," he murmured. "I'm crazy about you!"

"Oh, please—" Norah stammered.

"You keep putting me off!" he said.

"I don't keep putting you off at all." She was actually holding him at a distance as she spoke, her hands braced in the hands that would have drawn her nearer. "Only—only we mustn't talk like this!" she said breathlessly.

"Why not?"

"Because we mustn't!"

"Norah—" His strong arms were about her again. "You can't play with me!"

"I'm not playing with you!"

"You've known all along how I felt."

"I don't think I have. I—I—anyway," Norah jerked her head in the direction of the dining-room, "anyway—I couldn't—I've my mother to think of—and Eve—"

"There!" David said. His kiss against her mouth had obliterated the last words. Norah laughed breathlessly, losing her bearings for one heady minute of happiness and excitement.

"Did you like it?" he said.

"Oh, please!" she whispered. "They'll hear!"

SHE was sitting against the table edge; she held him off with both palms pressed against his shoulders.

"I'm mad about you!" David said.

Her head was tipped back again, his hard jaw against her jaw. Norah caught at her breath.

"Your mother—" she protested.

"Mother doesn't matter! Anyway, she thinks you're swell!"

"Mine," she added. "Mine does."

"Your brother's here now. Norah, let go all the responsibilities. You've had them too long! Just—love me. Just have fun."

He was sitting beside her on the table now; the girl was turned about so that she half faced him; his big arm was about her. Norah framed his face in her two soft hands.

"David," she said, thoughtfully.

"Norah."

"It's going to be—us, is it?"

"You darling," he murmured.

"I think I always thought it would be this way," Norah said.

"I know I always did. Norah, I'm so happy!"

"Yes," she agreed. "And I'm happy, too."

"As far as Mother goes—"

"Oh, let's not think of your mother. You know she won't like your marrying anyone!"

"She'll give you a tea."

"And I'll die of shyness."

"Norah, let's get married soon—right away. Let's tell your brother tomorrow? He'll make some arrangement for your mother and Eve—"

"Oh, but David, we couldn't be married for *years!*"

"Years? What nonsense! We could be married next week."

"No, we couldn't," she said slowly, in a troubled tone.

"Oh, yes, we could. As soon as my father and mother know—in a few weeks."

But Norah did not smile, and the face at which he was looking down so lovingly—it was close to his breast—was very sober.

"I really couldn't," she said. "There's something—there's my job, you know. This place—Barbara—"

"If Dunsmuir's dead, you can't go on here."

"But he may not be dead." Her senses had had their ecstatic moment; common sense was wide awake now. She disengaged herself from David's arm.

"WHAT'S the matter?" the boy asked, disappointedly.

"The matter? Nothing." But her voice gave the words the lie. "I promised Mr. Dunsmuir—" she began, and stopped.

"Dunsmuir? What's *he* got to do with it, *now?*"

"Well, he sent us up here, after all," she said.

"Yes, but that was when he expected to come back right away. You— How well did you know him, Norah? How old is he?"

There was a silence while they stood staring at each other; Norah's restraining hands still on the man's shoulders, his own locked tightly about her waist.

"Norah, you and he aren't in love with each other?"

"No—" she answered, on an odd breathless note.

"Engaged?"

She hesitated. "No, of course not!" she said.

"Wasn't he engaged to some girl that's been all over the papers about it?"

"Miss Swann. Lucille Swann—yes."

"Well, then—"

"Still, I'll feel bound here until he comes back."

"But suppose he doesn't come back? Who's this old woman that's snooping 'round, trying to get possession of the place?"

Norah laughed.

"His aunt, Mrs. Dunsmuir. She says it was left to her daughter."

"And when'll that be decided?"

"I don't know."

"BUT listen, Norah," David said, sitting beside her on the table now, with one arm bracingly about her, "you don't have to hurry, darling. Here's what I want to do: I want to graduate, see?—and then have a long talk with Dad, see?—and find out what he'll do for us, see? He told me last year that he wished to goodness I would marry some nice girl, and my mother and Sidney are going abroad for a year, as soon as Sidney graduates, anyway. You close up here, get your mother and sister settled—"

"But where? Over on the Island?"

"No, not over on the Island. Eve'll get a job, won't she? And your brother will help, and the Gunthers will help—and, gosh, we'll help too. If you'd like, Norah, they could live with us—honestly!"

"Ah, you're nice!" she said affectionately, touched.

"You've carried the whole thing long enough," he went on, warming. "Please—please be nice to me, *please*, Norah."

"Norah—oh, you're in here!" Eve said, coming in. "Mother thought you were outside, and that you'd catch cold!"

Norah and David were standing some feet away from each other before the sentence was finished; the three young

(Continued on page 44)

"Have you seen anything of a fox?" *Walter Van Arsdale*

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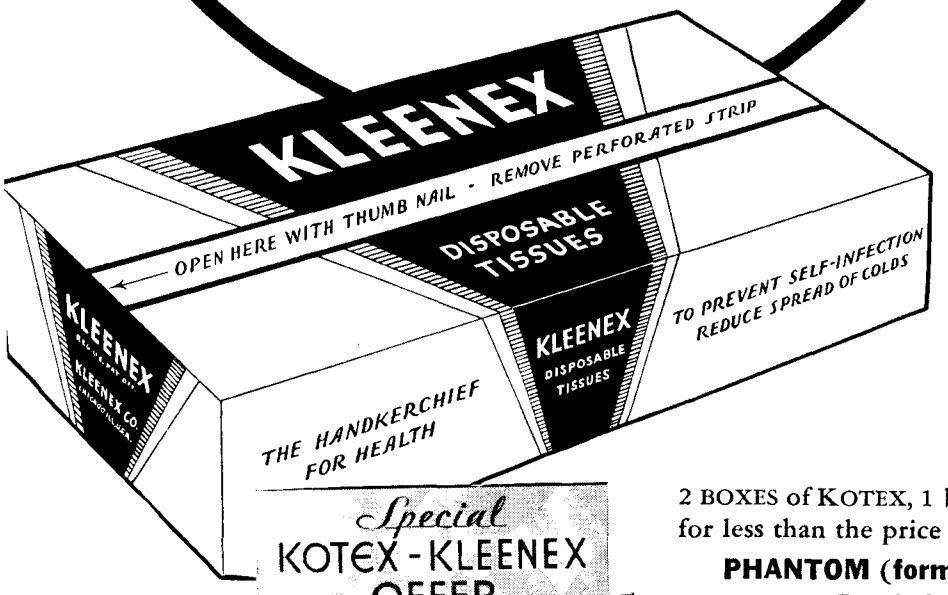
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Wife for Sale

Continued from page 42

persons looked embarrassedly at one another in the dim kitchen light.

"No—we were talking—" Norah explained, confusedly.

"I'm sorry," Eve said, in a hard voice. "Mother said—"

"Yes, I've got to go!" David muttered in the pause, with exultation in his brief laugh. Norah shut the entry door behind him, shutting out also the blown windy night and the wheeling stars. She turned then to speak to Eve. But Eve was gone.

Eve and David; the troubled thought of them, and a hundred other thoughts, tossed in her heart and mind as soon as she was in bed that Thanksgiving night. She had been carried off her feet by David's insistence, his kisses. They were engaged.

But somehow it didn't feel like being engaged. There were too many considerations other than the mere excitement of loving a man, pledging herself to him.

"WHY couldn't this have happened last year! I would have been in the seventh heaven last year!

"But now there's Barry to think about," Norah fretted, wide awake and restless again in the lonely dark. "It would be too dangerous to marry a man with another man apt to turn up any minute. And if the papers once find out about my marrying Barry, then what a fool I'll feel announcing my engagement to David.

"I wish I could tell Mother. But it seems too preposterous to wait until now to tell her.

"Everyone will think I was Barry's mistress or something. I can't put an advertisement in the papers to say that we only saw each other seven times."

An advertisement in the papers; that had started this whole merry-go-round only a year ago.

David had said he would come over to Foxaway again on Sunday; they could talk then. Perhaps the whole idea would seem less terrifying then. His family would probably be cool to her; well, that couldn't be helped. They were rich; his mother would have liked David to make a better marriage. But his father was a dear!

"They'll give me a tea—ugh!" Norah thought. She wondered what sort of clothes a prospective daughter-in-law must wear to a tea. "I can't afford to buy pretty things, with Mother and Eve and everything upset!" her mind fretted on.

"It's ridiculous to think of such things when you're trying to get to sleep. Everything will seem perfectly simple and easy in the morning and, after all, I'm engaged—and to David, and I've never loved anyone else—

"I'm lucky. I've everything to be thankful for, and I ought to get to sleep."

But still she felt burdened and nervous, and she could not get to sleep. She must tell David about Barry, of course; perhaps no one else need know, except old Judge Bailey, who knew already.

For the Dunsmuirs would have Foxaway; it had been so specified in Barry's will, written more than a year ago. And since Norah wouldn't ever be Barry's wife, and mightn't even be legally Barry's widow, she had no possible claim on the old place.

"And since I can't have Foxaway," she mused, "and since David and I will have to live in the city anyway, I might as well make a new start."

She raised herself on her elbow, shook her pillow, and retreated again into the warmth and comfort of the blankets.

Foxaway—that was the rub. She loved every silvered shingle of the farm, the tree shadows against the old house, the mellow shadowy greenness of the summer garden, the spring chill, the earthy sweetness, and the rushing of freed waters in March. She loved the old books, the firelight dancing on distempered walls and shabby pewter candlesticks in the dining-room, the sunshine that battered against her eastern window shutters on hot June mornings.

This was home for them all, Mother and Eve and little Barbara and Elinor and Bill and little Bill, and now for Keith. But for Norah it was more than home; her soul had somehow grown, under the sloped old roof of Foxaway, under the mighty trees that towered above the roof. A thousand times she had said to herself that she had "come alive" here, had felt her own budding powers expanding here.

But, now, must she be deprived of all this, lose it all? For, surely, Barry was dead, and she must take whatever steps the Howards thought wise about annulling her marriage, if it could be annulled. That would be the dignified thing to do, if she were to announce her engagement immediately.

Barry. Was he really dead? Snug in her warm bed, she thought of the eternal snows of the far, far frozen south. One man, with his infinitesimal trappings of furs and tents, would be only a speck there; of no more account than a dead seal or a wind-killed gull. Was Barry lying out there, alone, and very still, his face turned up to the continually falling snow?

Or had the lifeboat gone down, as the ship herself had, into a cold, rough heaviness of antarctic waters, dragging with it and smothering with complete indifference the tiny struggling atoms that were living, sentient men?

"He'll never see Foxaway again, and after a few weeks I won't," Norah thought. "Funny—when he said he loved it so, and I love it so. Some day I'll have a country place again as old as this—as much like this as I can find. There must be lots of them—but, of course, they won't be Foxaway!

"And David," she concluded, more than halfway asleep now, and sinking into the drowsiness and comfort and dreaminess that meant sleep, "David is a darling! Engagements are probably always like this; they seem sort of confusing, sort of nervous, at first. I'll love my little apartment in New York like Elinor's; I'll love having Mother and Eve come over for dinner; it won't take me long to forget a place I never had seen a year ago!"

SHE was all but off; in a half-dream it seemed to her that Barry had come back—was coming to her wedding to David—her heart thumped—

Norah started up, wide awake. Barry was alive somewhere, and she was his wife—they had made that bargain—

She settled down again. This was ridiculous. She must be overtired; she *must* get to sleep.

In her mind she began resolutely to rearrange the parlor; everything must be moved. The piano—the books—the round-backed tavern chairs—

Norah had found a faded old photograph of the room as it had been twenty-five years ago; she had long had it in mind to restore it to its old aspect—

Piano here, chairs here, table here—

She was asleep.

(To be continued next week)

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Take Your Choice

Continued from page 13

queur glass upon its shelf. He turned s back to the fire so that he faced us, id the flare from the burning hickory gs outlined him with a thin ray of ange light that gave him the appear- ice of an ultra-modern incarnation of e devil. Or, maybe, it was the ex- ession of his extraordinary face as he iled secretively upon us. Surely there as something inhuman in the strange ightness of his eyes that made them ok like blue-colored globes of elec- icity. He stood there, swaying slightly om his toes to his heels, until he had awn the attention of everyone in the om to him.

"Donna was still seated upon the ano bench. Guy was leaning against e piano where he could watch her nds. He and Otto Paul were the ly ones standing.

A PREGNANT stillness hushed the room as we sat waiting for the doc- r's next move. He looked toward Donna id Guy, and his sinister smile deepened : he commenced to talk. 'I married onna and brought her among you,' he id. 'I saw her quite casually one day, t I knew even then that she was the oman I wanted for my wife. I have ven her luxury and freedom and my me. No woman can ask for more an that. Now you, Guy, have taken vantage of the freedom I allowed her insinuating yourself into her leisure. ecause you were born to an inherit- ce, you could make use of the hours I d to pass in acquiring the money she ends.'

"Guy stiffened and took a step toward to Paul but the doctor lifted his hand, otioning him to stop, and said, 'Don't hasty, Guy. I am not censuring you. ou would have been a fool not to have ade the most of a natural opportunity. y point is this: I fell in love with my fe and I married her. But she is my fe first and I have done nothing which rfeits my right to her. That makes difficult for you. But I have a solu- on.'

"The doctor reached into his pocket for his thin, gold case and selected a cigarette from it. The rest of us leaned forward in our chairs, watching him while he took his time about lighting it. I can't speak for the others. I only know my own reaction. A cold per- spiration had broken out over my fore- head. I remember noticing that one of the women was tearing her delicate chiffon handkerchief into shreds.

"Then Otto Paul continued: 'You want to marry my wife. Therefore you must believe that you are more capable of serving her happiness than I am. I don't agree with you. And I am going to prove my point.

"'Out in the hall there are two bags packed for travel. Here in my pocket are two steamship tickets fo the Paris, which is sailing at midnight, and two passports. One bag and one passport are yours, Donna. The others are Guy's. You will excuse the liberty, I am sure, that I took in having your man prepare your bag and your passport as a surprise for you, Guy. You are to sail together tonight. For the next six months you are to live together, wher- ever you prefer, but together.

"'At the end of that time I will meet you, let us say, in Paris. Then Donna must make her choice.'"

Ellery paused for a moment, then added:

"That was just seven months ago. I sailed myself the following week and that's the last I heard of them until I recognized Donna just now. I had almost forgotten it. Strange situation, wasn't it? Those neurologist chaps do odd things. I believe all of us there that night thought that Otto Paul was going to do something normal like kill- ing Guy."

I stopped and tugged impatiently at his arm, asking excitedly, "How can you keep me in such suspense? Which man was she with? Was it Otto or was it Guy?"

Ellery looked down at me, smiling a little, as he said: "It wasn't either of them. It wasn't anybody I ever saw be- fore."

Cream Puff

Continued from page 17

ney stood meekly while the bulls isked them and didn't complain when e handcuffs went on. The bull that ld Rocco's arm jerked it roughly, st as if Rocco had been an ordinary gg.

"On your way, baby-killer."

Little Moe caught the sidelong flick Rocco's eye and understood it. He dded. He'd done business with too any squealers not to recognize that ok. If things broke wrong, Rocco uld crack wide open.

Inside of half an hour Little Moe ew what the district attorney knew. wasn't difficult. The community that d to find two millions a week in cash pay off its public enemies couldn't ord to pay its public servants very ch or very regularly, and people who rk in prosecutors' offices need money metimes, just like other people. herefore, presently, a fox-faced young n met Little Moe in a speakeasy ross the street from the County Build- g and handed him carbon copies of tain newly typed documents. Orally, , the fox-faced man was generous th information. Little Moe was able explain things quite fully to Lupo.

"You see, chief, Rocco has to fall for one of the dolls that work in that social settlement down on Yancey Street, and that ain't dumb enough to satisfy him. When he don't get to first base with this skirt he dopes it out that it's because she don't know what a high shot he is and who he works for. So he tells her all about how hard he is and how much jack he hannels and how you and him eat off the same spoon. And this afternoon, when he's slipping the busi- ness to Ciuci, who's standing on the sidewalk, near enough to touch him, but this same doll? And all she does is beat it straight to the D. A. and tell him all she knows!"

LUPO nodded. He didn't say any- thing. Little Moe drew a deep breath.

"Lissen, chief. This rap ain't gonna get beat by the regular alibi. McGlone heard this doll make her squeal and he says take it from him a jury's gonna go with her, no matter how many witnesses we put up to prove Rocco was in Jake's back room while Ciuci was getting his. Chief, we gotta beat this rap outside of court. Rocco's gonna open up wide if

(Continued on page 46)

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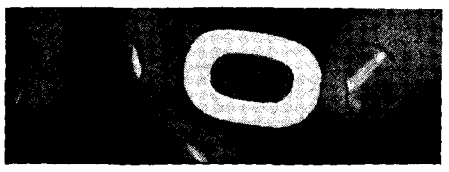

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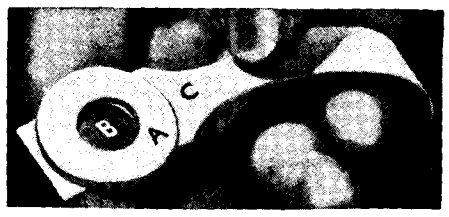

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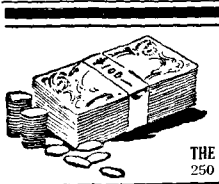

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(Continued from page 45)

he gets within a mile o' the hot seat. If this doll goes on the stand—"

Lupo nodded again. "That's the answer. Find out where Gorham's got her covered up."

Little Moe brightened.

"I don't hafta find out. She's back in the settlement house. I got a coupla boys watchin' the doors. We can grab her any time we want."

Lupo scowled. Little Moe leaned forward earnestly.

"Lissen, chief, we gotta do it. It ain't only Nick and Rocco, this time. It's—it's us!"

Lupo shook his head. "Moe, you're dumb! Didden I show you, juss this afternoon, that—"

The telephone buzzed. He lifted it, snarled into it. His face cleared. He listened. "Oke." He hung up.

"That was Looie. He says the doll's gone over to one of them flats—" he jerked his head toward the parapet—"right near where Ciuci was under cover. Come on, Moe."

SWEAT stood out on Little Moe's bald scalp. He tried to argue. Lupo cut him short. He was telephoning for a car and a bodyguard, and when he finished he wouldn't listen.

"I'm gonna show you," he said. "Come on."

They left the car at the corner. Little Moe breathed a little easier when they picked up Looie and were guided into the corridor of one of the cheap apartment buildings.

"Top floor," Looie said. Lupo nodded. There were five flights to climb. Little Moe was out of breath when they came to the door. Lupo tried the knob. He knocked. Moe heard steps beyond the door. It opened. A tall, thin woman stood with her hand on the latch.

"Well?" She spoke as if she didn't do a lot of talking. Her voice sounded queer to Little Moe's ear. It wasn't like any other voice he'd ever heard. A foreigner, he guessed.

Lupo pushed the door open and walked into the room. Moe followed him. The two gorillas came in, leaving Looie on guard in the hall. One of them shut the door and leaned against it. The other made a search of the flat. "Nobody here, chief," he reported.

"What do you want?" The woman didn't sound scared.

"Siddown, sister. We gotta have a talk." Lupo was genial. He lowered himself into a chair, grinning. "Maybe I better tell you who I am."

"I know that. You're Domenico Lupo."

Lupo's grin widened. "You met me before, huh?"

"No, but I've seen you a good many times."

"Yeah?" Lupo sounded puzzled and a little pleased. "How's that?"

She motioned toward the window. "I've often seen you leaning over your wall."

Lupo leaned sidewise to look up at the tall shining spike of the new apartment building.

"An' you made me, juss from seein' me clear up there? Why, it must be three-four hunnert feet away! You cert'nly got good eyesight, sister."

She moved her shoulders slightly.

"What do you want?"

"Juss to do you a favor, sister. You prob'ly don't know what you're up against. You tipped off the D. A., didden you, about that—that axdent down the street, 's afternoon."

"Well?" The woman's voice worried Little Moe. Even now she didn't sound scared.

"Well, it ain't safe for you to do that," Lupo told her. "This bird you rapped to—what's his name, again?"

She met his gaze levelly, unsmiling.

"I reckon you know. He works for you."

Lupo spread his hands. He grinned. "Sure. If you leave him tell it. Every yegg in town works for me when he's tryin' to make a jane. But—"

Again she motioned toward the window.

"I've seen him up there with you. Often. And I saw him in your car one afternoon. With you."

"I forgot about them eyes you got. All right. Say Rocco worked for me, then." Lupo paused. "You figure that makes it any healthier for you to try an' slip him the hot seat?"

"No," she said soberly. "I don't reckon it does."

"I had a hunch you had brains." Lupo chuckled. "All you gotta do is get outta the state an' stay out till we beat this rap." He studied her shrewdly. "I guess you wasn't born here, huh?"

She shook her head.

"Spotted you f'r some kinda foreigner," Lupo said. "How'd it be to go back where you come from?"

He twisted to slip a hand into his pocket, brought out money. The girl did not move.

"I reckon I'll stay here," she said.

Little Moe saw Lupo's jaw sag.

"What's the idea? Tryin' to shake me down, huh? Say, lissen—"

"Reckon I'll stay," she said again.

"No," Lupo said. "You ain't gonna stay. Get that, sister. If you want to scram, that's oke by me. If you'd sooner get taken, that's oke, too."

"Reckon I'll—" she stopped suddenly. She seemed to be listening. And something in her look gave Little Moe the notion that she had begun, at last, to be sensibly afraid.

There was a mumble of voices from the hall. Little Moe was quite sure, now, that the doll was scared. She half rose, stopped. Lupo was watching her.

"Know who's outside, sister?"

"Just—just my grandfather, I reckon. He lives here."

Eddie opened the door a wary inch. He peeped out, turned.

"Oke, chief. Juss an old guy with white whiskers."

Lupo's thumb wagged. "Get him in here." Lupo sounded pleased. He was grinning again. Little Moe had to grin, too, at the old man who came in, a man who looked like a drawing in a comic strip, Moe thought. He was comically tall and thin; his hair was shaggy, and a funny-looking, ragged, white beard straggled over his chin. His clothes were shabby and wrinkled; his eyes were a queer bright blue that made Moe think of the sky over the lake in winter. He looked inquiringly around him, his white eyebrows lifted.

"GRAN'PAPPY, these are just some —some friends of mine who—"

"Reckon I know Mr. Lupo," the old man said. "Seed him a-plenty, up yonder. Right nigh neighbors. Ain't over three hund'ed paces apart." His head wagged shakily at the window. He stroked his beard. Lupo chuckled amiably.

"You got good eyesight, too, huh?"

"Middlin' good, yess'r."

"I been tryin' to tell your gran'daughter that it ain't healthy in this town," Lupo said. "I been tellin' her she'd ought to do some travelin'.

"There's the heat, f'r one thing," Lupo went on. "That ain't healthy. An' then there's axdents." His eye snaked at the girl. "Lotta axdents here. App to happen to anybody, any time."

"I reckon you mean the kind of accident that happened down yonder," the old man said slowly. His head wagged at the window. "I reckon you mean su'thin' like that'll happen to Sally if she don't leave like you want she should."

Little Moe was astonished. So, he saw, was Lupo. And Lupo didn't li surprises. His face went ugly.

"Oh, you're wise, huh, grampa You know all about it, huh? Know-

"Reckon I know what you're here f anyhow." The old man's voice w gentle.

"Yeah? An' maybe you know what happen to you an' the doll if you a her tries to get hard with me?"

"Reckon I do."

"Then I guess you know what to about it, huh?" Lupo chuckled.

"Reckon so."

"An' you're gonna do it, huh?"

"Yess'r."

"An' quick," Lupo said.

"That's how I aim to do it."

"You got till dark to do it."

The old man squinted at the windo

"Reckon that'll be a-plenty."

Lupo laughed and went out. On t stairs he gave Little Moe his orders.

"You an' Looie stick aroun', Moe. they scram, oke. If they don't—"

"I know. The business, huh?"

"Naw!" Lupo was disgusted. "Sa Moe, you're dumb. All you gotta do chuck a scare into puffs."

He swaggered off between his guard Little Moe sent Looie back to watch t rear door and made himself comfortab on the front steps. He began, now, feel more comfortable in his mind. Wi the doll out of the case it would be pipe to beat the rap for Nick and Roc Moe's wits were busy with the ali when Joe Spangler stopped in front him.

AS a rule Little Moe didn't like new paper men, but he didn't mind Jo For that matter, Joe wasn't a new paper man any more. Once in a whi when he was sober and thirsty enoug he wrote for the cheap magazines. M guessed that he was thirsty now.

"Hello, Joe. What you doin' here

Spangler lighted a cigarette.

"Trying to get a swell story out an old bird that lives upstairs." I brightened a little. "If I could ma him loosen up, it'd be a wow."

"Yeah?" Little Moe was careful n to sound too interested.

"I'll say!" Spangler's eyes came aliv He began to tell Moe about it. He to him quite a lot about it. Sudden though, he lost his audience. Little M had jumped up and, without a wo had begun running toward the corn running as fast as his short, bowed le could carry him.

The ride up in the elevator gave L tle Moe a chance to catch his breat He brushed past the two gorillas guard in the corridor and scuttled o to the terrace. Lupo was leaning on t stone rail. Little Moe called to him:

"Lissen, chief! I juss found out w that old geezer is. He ain't a puff. I useta live up in them mountains in Ke tucky where they been sayin' it wi slugs f'r a couple hunnert years. H bumped off a few himself, Joe Spangl says. He's got a eye on him like eagle an' a old squirrel rifle that he c hannel like nobody's business an'—"

Little Moe's voice rose to squeaki shrillness: "An' he can see you fro that window an'—"

He saw that there was somethi queer about the way Lupo was leani on the parapet. Even before he dragg him back and let him slip down on t tiles Little Moe was pretty sure, fro what Joe Spangler had said about th squirrel rifle, that there would be a b let hole in Lupo's forehead. There w

Halfway across the terrace Lit Moe stopped. He remembered sudden that the front entry of that buildi on the alley had been left unguard for quite a while, and felt pretty su that by the time the boys got to t flat on the top floor it would be empt

He was right. It was.

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A Wonderful Woman

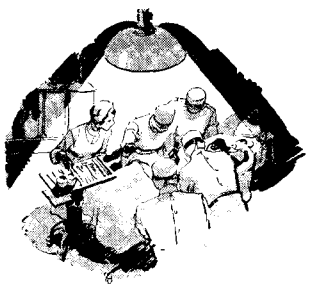
Continued from page 9

"Would you care to see a copy of her ›rtrait? Here it is. It's by Alexandre ernier. It's in the Luxembourg."
"In the Luxembourg," said Masters, ›wly. "Well!"
"Would you care to have that?" said ıry.
"I—I thank you. Yes. I—I thank ›u."
"Surely," said Cary.
"It's a fine thing, that her picture ould be there. I'm so glad to know at. After all, it's a lot, isn't it? ıe was an artist herself, an artist, a ›rson who used a small gift perfectly. her voice had only been a little big›r. . . . Listen to me, boy. I'll tell you story about Lucille Lamar.
"You know, Lucille used to follow the ›rses a lot, as so many of us do. One ıy she went out to Belmont Park. ›mebody, her current sweetheart may›, staked her, or else she may have had few dollars. She put a bet on a long ıot's nose. I Hope So, the dog's name as. He romped in, and Lucille won six ousand dollars. Well, she gave five ousand of it to Tommy Lyons, the ›okmaker. 'Hold this for me, Tommy,' ıe said. 'I'm going on a party, and I ›n't want to take it along. And I don't ant you to give it to me, unless I'm yself.' She wasn't—she wasn't quite ›rself, at the time."
Cary nodded.
"You'll hear stories that Lucille ank. She couldn't drink, and that's ıe truth, at least when I knew her. wo drinks, and she was off and gone. ould you blame her, if she drank? ould you blame anybody in this busi›ss? Keyed up, keyed up all the time, rung too tight. Breaking our necks give people a little pleasure, a little straction. Tearing our hearts out for good notice, a few lines in a news›aper, or our names up on a board. I've ›en fighting the liquor all my life."
"It's the most dangerous thing in the orld, except a kind heart."
"You don't believe that. They're ›th incurable, anyway. Well, Lucille ent down to the shore that night, and ırew a big party, at Tappen's, or Villegue's, and the Newburgh and the riental. Next day, she's still on this ar. Tommy Lyons wouldn't give her ıe money, and she—she was unpleasıt about it, made a bit of a scene, and › on. Then, the following day, she ıme back, and Tommy Lyons looked at ›r, forked over the five grand, and she ›gan to cry. 'God bless you, Tommy,' ıe said. 'I wanted that money for ›mething particular. I'm going to go ght out and use it for that, before I ıange my mind.' Well, Mr. Littlefield, believe she accomplished her purpose, hatever it was, for inside of a week ucille came to me, and I lent her fifty ›llars. She was broke, strapped.
"Well, I lost track of her for a while, ıd she died of pneumonia in Chicago, oor kid. Then I ran across Tommy yons, one day, in the Metropole Bar, ıd he told me what I've told you."

YES," said Cary. "I—I may tell you some more of that story, some day. ell. Well, I think I'll tell you now. have reason to believe that I know here that money went. She left five ıousand in trust for Janet. Janet's sing it now, in Paris. She's studying ıusic."
"Oh! What do you think of that! singer, too?"
"Yes."
"Good?"
"Well. She's not bad at all."
"You wouldn't think so, naturally. Perhaps you'll send me a piece of wedding cake, one of these days, hey?"
"Well, it isn't that far along. We're very good friends, that's all."
"Mr. Littlefield—it was a great pity that Lucille had to meet men who were so much like herself. There was, so far as I know, just one man in her life who wasn't like that. She was in love with a young painter, at one time. They had some sort of misunderstanding, and he died, shortly afterward."
"Yes. He painted that portrait. He —uh—"
"Yes. Precisely. See here. You—you're no painter. And you're no boy. Lucille loved that kid, really loved him. I believe that if he'd been a little bigger man, a little more sensible, a little more mature, Lucille's life might have been quite different. Perhaps, or perhaps not. Of course, as you know, one can't find security, or peace of mind, in a love affair. They're adventures. Isn't that so?"
"They begin as adventures."
"You know, if I had a son, I wouldn't let him go on the stage, unless I were sure he was the best in the world. The best in the world. There's no such thing as second-best. And fourth-best, fourth-best is a tragedy. You wouldn't know what a tragedy it is."
Cary thought he knew but he let it pass. It was nearing the time Masters had to be at the theater.
"I can't thank you for the kindness you've shown me," Cary said.
"Nonsense. It's been so nice to see you," said Masters, rising and patting his necktie.

LATER on that afternoon Cary sent a nice water-cooler by a Japanese artist to Mr. John Brinsley Masters, care of The Buskin Club. He wondered if, before long, he'd be sending him a piece of wedding cake.
There were a number of little pictures in his mind. The picture of a wayward beauty whooping a long shot home. The picture of her refusing to trust herself, she who must have failed herself so many times, reeling up to a bookmaker's window, asking him to keep her money for her till she was fit to use it. He could understand her letter to Janet, now: its brusqueness, its brevity. There she was, reviling herself, contemptuous of herself, tremendously ashamed, trying to hearten her spirit with coarseness and with gibes: "Come on, you're only a tenth-rater with a hang-over. Try to be a little decent, for once in your life. Don't slop all over with this; it's not East Lynne. You're not going to break this kid's heart with your own damned love for her. You love her; all right, then, tell her good-by the way you take a bow. Rock 'em and sock 'em! Give me that pen! You're O. K., now: 'Dear Janet. . . . Your loving Aunt Lucille.' "
Then he could see a girl named Janet Spears, a pretty little girl with a pretty little voice, going resolutely and sullenly to booking offices and to try-outs, and playing split-weeks and shows that never get past Phillie, if she were even that lucky. Show business today is certainly no easier than it was, and it used to be the hardest business in the world.
He went down the street, to a cable office, where he sent the following message:

MISS JANET SPEARS
37 RUE CHERCHE-MIDI
PARIS, FRANCE
UNABLE TO LEARN ANYTHING ABOUT YOUR AUNT STOP SAIL SATURDAY ILE DE FRANCE STOP ALL MY LOVE CARY



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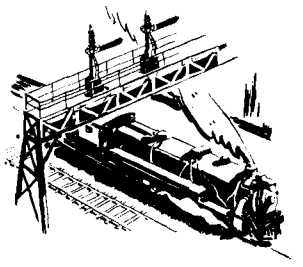

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Stunts don't Help

Continued from page 24

meant; the word should be used by the air fraternity if it really wants to break up the public delusion that every time a skilled flyer turns a plane over on its back or loops or rolls, he is "stunting," after the manner of a prankish boy, to work off steam; or that he is doing circus tricks.

The First Outside Loop

There is an important distinction between stunts and aerobatics. Stunt flyers belong to the maniac fringe. They are the perpetual boys who never grow up—just go up. They are the boys who zoom off the ground in a climbing turn with a plane full of passengers; who dive at chimneys, hop hedges and defy bad weather. Stunt flying is any kind of unusual flying which is not undertaken in a spirit of research, which does not add to the knowledge of the aeronautical *science.*

Aerobatics are the laboratory activities of practical flying; they are the scientific investigations which take the mystery out of any and every situation in the air.

Until 1928 the subjects of inverted flight, and all the range of inverted aerobatics which it implies, and of outside loops had been left unexplored in this country. We had killed many fine men and smashed many costly airplanes because there was a lack of information about these things.

Some of us in the service decided that for our own safety we wanted to take the mystery out of them; and that, certainly, the safest way would *not* be to wait until we fell into one of them. I was given a graphic description by a doctor of what would happen to me if I attempted an outside loop. My eardrums would burst, my veins would split open, the brain blood vessels would explode and my eyes would pop out. Of course I'd lose consciousness, and centripetal force would fling me out of the ship despite all the safety belts I could cram into the cockpit. I'd be a changed man. Well, I figured that if all this were true flying wasn't, and never would be, safe. Better find out now.

I have never attempted any new maneuver in the air without experimenting in great detail on the ground first. No one was ever killed in ground flying. For every ten minutes I spent conducting my first inverted aerobatics in the air, I put in an hour on my back on the living-room divan, feet and arms in the air, training my reflexes. When I attempted the first outside loop I had figured all my chances, all the probabilities and possibilities, before I left the ground and I was ready to take the necessary steps to save myself at any stage.

It was a queer experience, that first outside loop. To dive a ship was a normal procedure, but to push the nose past the vertical and continue that forward movement of the stick and climb up the other side was an experience I shall never forget. I did twelve, in that first demonstration before the Navy officials, without damage to the ship or to myself and in proof that the much-touted mystery concerning physical discomfort was pure bunk. That was not stunting, just digging into the unknown. With the mystery eliminated, the maneuver has been executed countless times since. I interpreted the readings of the recording instruments in my plane, replaced mysterious guesswork with definite figures and published the report for those who cared to learn.

As to physical discomfort, my research in all phases of inverted flight proved one thing above all others—that the ability of the human body to learn to accommodate itself to unusual positions and stresses is truly marvelous. More superstition exploded.

In my first experiments my head seemed ready to burst during the first few seconds and I had difficulty reading my instruments. With practice, however, my physical faculties accommodated themselves; I rapidly became as much at ease while flying inverted as while flying in the normal position.

Let me tell you about Lieutenant Harry Sutton, formerly of the United States Army Air Corps and now of the American Airways. While we had known counters for the tailspin for years, a lot of superstition still cluttered around the thing, largely because it had never been thoroughly tracked down. Lieutenant Sutton, therefore, asked to be *detailed to a study of flat spinning.* Day after day he went up and spun himself into knots. He tied sandbags and lead weights to every nook of his plane to test the effects of distribution of weight and inertia forces. He tried every conceivable variety of spinning.

His year's work in spinning was of more practical benefit to flying, to the safety of every passenger of the airways, than all the transocean flights you may count upon all your fingers and toes. The plain truth is that all the worthwhile experimentation in aeronautical science has been done far from the crowds; and that all the expeditions and projects and stunts organized under the plea of furthering science and the claim of "good for aviation" have been motivated solely by greed for personal glory and publicity. Its "heroes" are the millstones around the neck of aviation.

Every time anyone flies the ocean, or attempts to fly the ocean, there are a certain number of laymen and women who decide to avoid using our airlines. You have two reactions when you read of such flights: emotional and intellectual. *Emotionally, you applaud. In*tellectually, when you read of the difficulties the hero says he encountered, the bad weather and the rough air and the hazardous "pockets"—another superstition—and the proximity to "deadly tailspins," you unconsciously figure that if such a superman was in such danger on his flight to Europe, you would no doubt encounter some of these perils on a flight over a scheduled airway. You might think you'd be more reasonable, but you aren't; your psychological reaction is unconscious but strong against having anything to do with the air and its heroics.

Courage Versus Brains

To return to tailspins, for a moment. Most of our modern commercial planes have nonspinning characteristics built into them; there are some which won't spin unless forced to by skilled pilots. Deliberately thrown out of control and left to themselves, many of these stable little ships will descend in a series of arcs. Honest aviators, therefore, knowing these things—knowing of Sutton's work and his discoveries, and knowing that long ago all mystery was taken out of ordinary spins, have a good laugh when they read interviews by flyers of any variety who, for purely personal reasons, talk of having been "close to the deadly tailspin." If they got into spins they did so through their own incompetence; through their enormous ignorance of the first principles of safe cross-country flight which involved knowledge of blind flying.

But it takes courage to fly the ocea you will say. Merely proving somethi which needed no proving; that man not a timid animal and that coura does not always go with brains. F money and for glory you can find m and women in any town in the world do any stunt you can conceive. Nor courage more common in one race nation than in another. It is a natu attribute of man. Ribbon clerks, flo walkers, office boys, doctors, lawye blacksmiths and iron workers ro every day, from the shelter of trench dug in the earth, in the World War, a at the sound of an officer's whis walked bravely across no man's la to the tune of singing lead. For r part, I have always believed that t courage of inactivity is greater than t courage carried along by excitement a physical achievement. I have sometim looked back to the dock, after I ha taken a new racing ship aloft to te it, and have seen my wife standing the watching me, white-faced, tight-lippe quiet; and I don't think any reasonab person will deny that she was showi more real courage in watching me ta the untried ship up than I was in taki it up. I matched danger with action-her anxiety had no relief.

Empty Ocean Derbies

Aviation is not quite ready for tran ocean flying. There remains more wo to be done in research on the grou and over test airdromes. When the tin is ripe, airmail lines will span t oceans, flying boats will be used, a the young men who now fly the airma over mountains and deserts will wi their accustomed matter-of-factne simply move to a new division and sta to fly it over the water. Flying boa or seaplanes will be used, because the is no thinkable reason why any sa company should attempt to opera landplanes over water.

What has come out of all the ocea derbies? Not a single new spark plu Not a single change in wing design. N a new instrument or gauge—no—n even a new kind of paint for airpla wings. Not, in short, one single item refinement tending to improve aerona tical engineering; not a single new pie of flying information or knowledge.

The United States Navy and t United States Army have both taken d cided stands against further transocea attempts at this time. Both realize tha until an accurate instrument for mea uring drift has been developed and complete knowledge of oceanic meteo ology made available, and until a sea plane of sufficient fuel capacity an sturdy enough to float safely if force down has been built, further ocea flights are unnecessary. All informa tion of any value whatsoever has a ready been obtained from their pione flights, and from perhaps half a doze others such as the workmanlike jobs Colonel Lindbergh, of Coste and Be lonte, Balchen and Acosta, Post an Gatty and a few others whose profes sional standing is such that I have as sumed, of course, you know I haven been talking about them. My objectio is to the unprepared, untrained peopl who have tried to imitate them; to thos whose aviation history may be summe up thus: From cockpit to headline No one, I am sure, deplores his foolish untrained imitators, and the harm the have done to the aviation which h loves, more than Colonel Lindbergh.

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'he good of aviation, the unhampered wth of passenger air travel, dends that ocean flights by unprepared 'rs be stopped. The Bureau of Aeroitics of our Department of Com'ce should enter into an alliance with er nations to refuse landing or tak-off permits to persons who desire to ke such flights until they have passed examination before a Department n in blind flying. This requirement 'hich is only the ordinary equipment the men who fly the scheduled air 's in this country day after day—ıld not rule out such great flyers as ıdbergh, Maitland and Hegenberger Kingsford-Smith and would rule out ıut ninety-five per cent of the rest, ugh; all the unprepared.
t would save many lives. It would permit the aviation industry—commercial flying and military training—to resume a normal progress unhampered by heroics and hysterics. It will enable you of the general public to evaluate unusual flights at their true worth, and their true relation to the sort of flying you are apt to do in your business or social life.

There are no supermen and flying is a sane enterprise where training, industry and brains spell safety and success for the individual and the air transportation company. There are no short roads to success in the air and a smart pilot makes most of his own luck by sound thinking on the ground. All the rest is a circus—a gamble—sometimes a flash of quick fame—and no good to the business of the air.

Measure Your Face

Continued from page 12

erving faces more closely. Accusıed professionally to think of manıctured objects in terms of meas'ment or design, I was seeing faces in same way—as studies in proportion. ere were those that had started out 'h the advantage of a perfect oval, y to create the illusion of something ch less beautiful; and those in which 'ects of measurement were empha'ed by the very beauty aids employed. ny women seemed to have a feeling color, both in their hats and in their ıplexions. Very few were concerned 'h the mass of the head or the plane the face.
Who should know more about the per't face than the artists, who had 'ated and perpetuated beauty? To as'tain their views, I engaged in no 'ght amount of research. I examined l measured pictures and sculpture, 'm the Greeks and the Italian primies to the moderns. And I found there s a singular agreement among the tists, with a few interesting exceptions o, again, agreed among themselves.

What Every Artist Knows

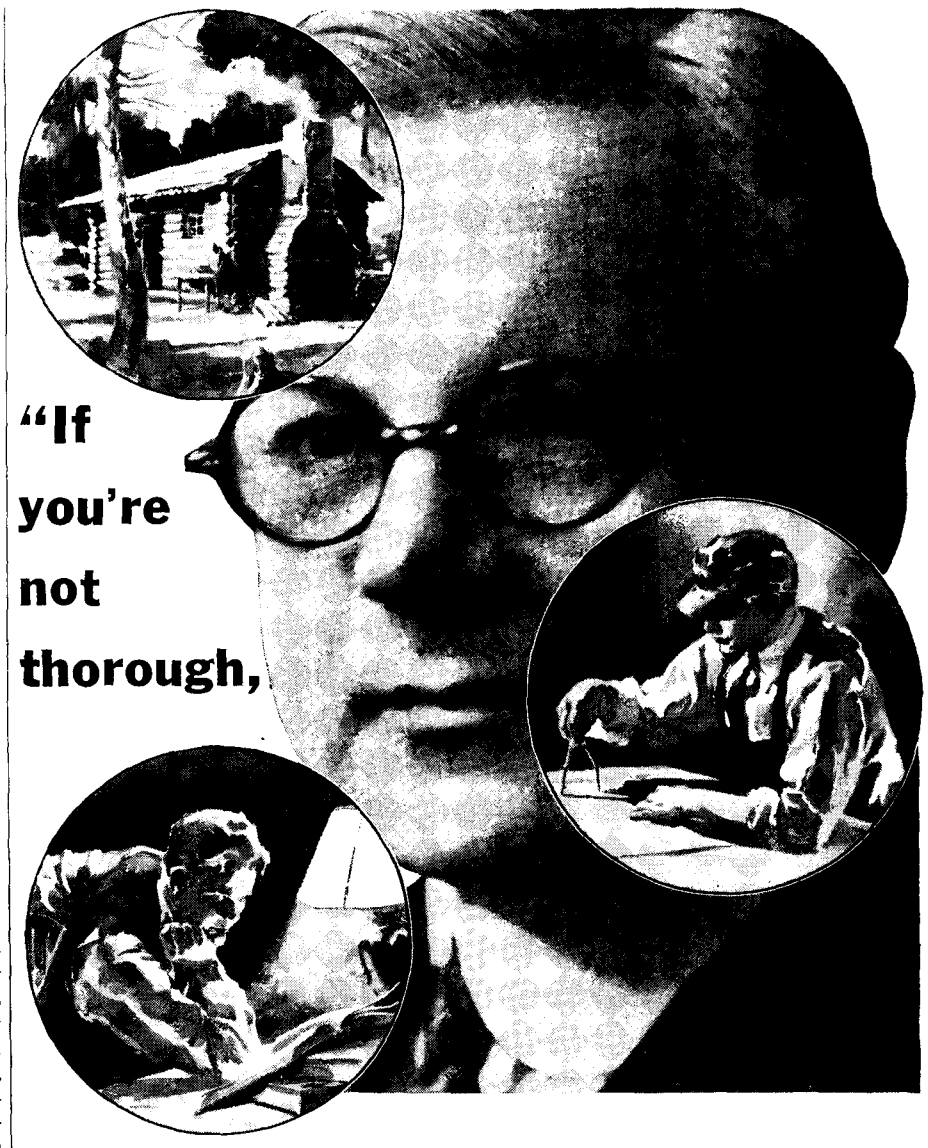
The vast majority favored propornal measurements of three for the 'tical axis of the face to two for the rizontal; that is, 100:67. The small t powerful minority favored a four-three proportion; or 100:75. This ter, of course, gives a slightly broader 'e, a fraction nearer to the round.
Raphael employed the four-three prortion almost entirely. So did Watıu and his school at the beginning of e eighteenth century. The same conption is apparent in the pictures of e later French school represented by noir. The moderns, Cezanne, Matisse d Picasso, fluctuate in their allegiance tween the 4:3, or rounder face, and e longer oval of the 3:2.
But this wasn't all I learned. People ve often said of a portrait that it ttered the sitter. Studying pictures, came to the conclusion that many a ter could flatter herself as effectively real life, if she used her colors to ing out her most beautiful points.
Consider, first, the perfectly proporned face. Nattier, in his Princess Condé as Diana, deals with one of is type. Small areas of bright red pict the lips, large areas of lighter d the cheeks, medium values the shadvs of the curve of the eyebrows and e lines of the nose. The observer's ance is stopped by no one striking deil but sees the beauty of the whole. erhaps there is a lesson here, showing e danger of following fashion too osely in its changing emphasis on eeks, lips, eyes. If the perfectly proportioned face is to be recognized for the miracle it is, no one part should be played up to the exclusion of the rest.

Then let us look at the too long face, exemplified by Madame Récamier. David posed her with a dark bandeau low across the forehead, breaking the vertical plane by a broad horizontal line—an effect that could be obtained equally well with a hat, not necessarily wide in itself but drawing the eye sideways rather than up and down. Other artists have depicted her with ringlets to build out the face at the sides. Color far back on the cheeks, sometimes even on the ear lobes, will do the same thing, as may be seen in pictures without number. The strong vertical of a nose excessively long may be minimized by a touch of color under it. Prominent cheekbones may be made to sink out of sight if color is applied below.

The round face, on the contrary, should carry its color higher up and farther in toward the nose. This causes the eye to stop short of the edge of a curve too full for beauty. A touch on the chin can also be used, which seems to lengthen that feature.

Color may be employed to highlight a good feature and so distract attention from those that are mediocre. Ingres, in his Madame de Blanc, shows us an unusually plain woman with a large, uninteresting mouth and strange, turtle-like, pale blue eyes. The lips are done in practically the same tone as the cheeks; one flesh tint is used for the Empire curve of shoulder and throat. Thus the observer's glance is swung upward by the beautiful shoulder line to the enigmatic eyes. The mouth is never noticed.

To put my data in short form for reference and immediate action, I sum up results as follows: Long oval faces can be shortened by apparent horizontals. Round faces can be given the desired oval by verticals. Rouge emphasizes the part of the face to which it is applied, distracting attention from adjacent areas and so making them appear smaller. Features that lack distinction may and should be improved by art, but the part of wisdom seems to be to play up as strongly as possible those that have distinction to begin with. Measurement and analysis of the face in the mirror are necessary to determine, first, its variation from either the 3:2 or the 4:3 formula, and, second, its good and bad points. Corrective treatment can be undertaken at once, but, since there are as yet no precision instruments with which to gauge the exact degree of horizontals, verticals and color accents required, only experiment, followed by still further experiment, is likely to lead to perfect results.



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Keystone-Underwood

Gas and bayonets drive out the bonus seekers under the shadow of the Capitol dome

The Folly of Hatred

WE HAVE traveled this depression without hatred, fear or bitterness. Let's not mar this magnificent achievement by weakness now.

We have differed, of course, on questions of national policy and in our estimates of men in office and in other high positions. But while the wisdom of policies has been challenged and particular officeholders have been opposed, the integrity and good intentions of leaders of both parties have not been disputed. It would be tragic indeed if our tempers were to change for the worse.

At the moment the blunders made in connection with the army of veterans who assembled last spring to demand immediate payment of the bonus are the most serious threat to our national peace of mind. From beginning to end that adventure was ill-starred. The army was assembled in folly and dispersed in anger and stupidity.

Nobody has been benefited by the mobilization and many have been injured. The final chapter at Washington when the ragged, miserable men were driven out by detachments of the regular army left a wretched memory. That somebody blundered seriously is the almost universal conclusion.

Of course the expedition ought never to have been undertaken. Our national tradition is against government by intimidation. It was the duty of Congress to resist any effort to force the adoption of the bonus.

The bonus army was mobilized for two reasons: Reckless Congressmen who wanted the visible presence of the needy veterans to bolster up support for the bonus bill trafficked shamefully with human life. Men such as Representative Wright Patman of Texas invited by their activities a mobilization which they must have known was doomed to disaster. Worse still, local politicians in various states wanted to escape the burden of caring for the needy.

The behavior of the congressmen and of the local authorities who fomented the drive on Washington was shockingly callous and cruel. They lightly prepared the scene for the tragedy which ensued.

The expedition should never have been sent to Washington and certainly it should never have been expelled in the manner adopted by the military authorities.

It was a calamity to use tear gas on the veterans with this government at the very moment protesting against the use of gas in warfare. When the military authorities did this they struck a heavy blow at the Administration. For, however misled they were, the veterans were still veterans and they deserved better. Mr. Hoover, tried though he was, might well have made a personal appeal, face to face, with the veterans or their leaders. If it were humanly possible they should have been persuaded to leave.

All this, however, is water over the dam. The present necessity is to avoid letting a bad affair become worse. The attempt to organize an army of Khaki Shirts to pursue tactics such as Mussolini followed in Rome and Hitler in Germany was sheer madness. It could not possibly succeed.

What a Fascist adventure could do is to arouse fear and bitterness and foment di order and violence. Men may be injure and killed if demagogues in politics and i the press attempt for selfish purposes to e ploit the poor unemployed veterans b organizing state camps.

The very fact, however, that it was po sible to agitate for an organization of Khal Shirts points to the urgent necessity for ca ing for these and other unemployed worker

The veterans needed help because the were unemployed. Other honest men, n veterans, are unemployed and need suppor Men must be fed, sheltered, clothed and the families supported regardless of their wa service. The objection to the bonus wa that it was a clumsy, inadequate and ruinou way to deal with unemployment. Relief required but better means are within reac

We are not going to have government b intimidation in this country, but we shoul not and must not neglect the men, wome and children who are appealing for help.

There is money enough and there a goods enough in the United States to pr vide for all. The national government, th states, the cities and the local government should waste no time in making detaile plans for caring for the needy.

Apparently conditions generally are in proving and gradually jobs will be found fo those now workless, but until men can pr vide for themselves they must be supporte

If this public responsibility is met, w shall hear little of reckless demagogues Fascist forces and hatred will not separat our people.

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